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At Odds With The Regent

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

I untied the ropes and the two men retreated to the other side of the roof. In a moment I had knotted the pieces of rope together, made one end secure and dropped the other over.

"I will go first," I said. "The knots may slip," and before the duke could protest I was over the battlement. I let myself down hand over hand until I was opposite my window, but I found the bars beyond my reach. By a supreme effort I touched the wall with my foot and pushed myself outward, and as I swung in I grasped one of the bars and pulled myself to the window-ledge. I tied the end of the rope to the bars, so that the duke could reach them without difficulty, and then slipped into the cell. He followed a moment later, and the rope was loosened from above and fell. I drew it in.

"You must get back to your cell at once," I said, and raised the slab in the floor, slid the one below it back and crawled aside for him to pass.

"But the window?" he asked. "If they find a bar out they will know everything."

"Leave that to me," I answered; "I will replace it."

The duke wrung my hand and dropped through the opening into the cell below. I replaced the slabs, concealing the rope, for which we might have further need. Then I ran to the window and forced the bar back into place. I opened the box of cement, moistened it with water from my can, and rapidly filled up the places where the old cement had been broken away, rubbing my fingers over it until convinced that it was quite smooth. It was drying rapidly and would soon set. I raised the slab again and placed the box with the remainder of the cement beneath it. I rubbed my hands on the floor and then over the new cement, until I could see by the moonlight which filtered through the bars that it was dirty as the adamant which surrounded it. Satisfied that it could not be detected without close examination, I threw myself exhausted upon the bench.

Scarcely had I done so when I heard a noise in the cell below. In an instant I was at the loosened slab.

"What is it now?" I heard Richelieu ask, in a sleepy voice, of some one who had evidently entered his cell. "Upon my word," he continued, "'tis the regent! To what do I owe the honor of this visit, monsieur?"

"You see 'tis as I told your highness," cried the voice of Maison-Rouge. "The prisoners are safe, and assuredly will not leave their cells until I get an order permitting them to do so."

"You are playing with me, gentlemen!" thundered the regent, in a terrible voice. "Richelieu was recognized not half an hour since in the gardens of the Palais Royal."

"Some mistake, I do not doubt," said Richelieu, carelessly.

"A mistake, pardieu! Perhaps it was also a mistake that I met my daughter returning to her apartment? Do you deny that it was with you she had a rendezvous?"

"Oh, M. le Regent, I deny nothing," cried Richelieu, airily. "Why should I? It is so manifestly absurd. You say I was at the Palais Royal a few minutes since. You rush here with all speed. You find me asleep in my cell. All the doors are bolted, all the drawbridges raised, every sentry at his post. I ask you, monsieur, if the bastile is so easily left and entered? Besides, monsieur could easily interrogate the sentries."

The regent caught at the suggestion.

"Maison-Rouge," he said, "call that sentry in the corridor."

The man was called.

"Has anyone passed since you have been on duty?" asked the regent.

"No one but yourselves, monsieur."

"You are certain?"

"Perfectly certain, monsieur."

Here was a facer for the regent.

"Come," I heard him exclaim, suddenly, "perhaps the other has not returned. I do not doubt that it was he who was with Richelieu."

I was back on my bench in an instant. The door opened, and I lifted my head as from a heavy sleep. I saw Maison-Rouge on the threshold carrying a lantern, and back of him the regent. I was on my feet with a bound.

"It appears to me that your prisoners sleep with suspicious soundness, Maison-Rouge," said the regent, pushing past him into the room. He glanced about it keenly, went to the window and shook the bars, but found nothing suspicious.

"How does it happen," he asked, "that the window here has only single bars, while those of the floors below have double ones?"

"Good God! what would you have, monsieur?" cried Maison-Rouge. "Suppose there were no bars at all, still to escape the prisoner has a drop of 90 feet into a courtyard full of sentries, with a wall 40 feet high to pass before he is free. A man would need wings to escape from here, monsieur."

"I am beginning to think so myself," muttered the regent. And then, turning sharply, "So you have been here all evening, monsieur — I forget your name?"

"Jean de Brancas," I said, bowing.

"So you have been here all evening, have you, M. de Brancas?"

"It seems to me a useless question," I answered. "Monsieur forgets that I have been in the bastile only since yesterday afternoon."

"What then?"

"To consider monsieur's question seriously would mean that he deemed it possible for a man, in the short space of six or eight hours, not only to force his way out of this formidable prison, but to force his way in again, and to leave no trace of his passage in either direction."

"You are right," and the regent bit his lips. "Come, Maison - Rouge," he added, "let us go. Your prisoners are doubtless anxious to resume their slumber," and he smiled into my eyes and turned away.

They left the cell, and I heard their footsteps die away down the corridor. A moment later Richelieu signalled me.

"They discovered nothing?" he asked, as I answered the signal.

"Absolutely nothing."

"But how did you replace the bar in the window?"

"That was what the cement was for."

"De Brancas, you are a genius!" exclaimed Richelieu. "But we both need sleep. Good night, my friend."

"Good night," I answered, and lay down again upon the bench. My eyes closed in sheer exhaustion despite the cold, and I dreamed that I was again walking in the Palais Royal gardens with Louise Dacous at my side and her warm little hand in mine.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Audience With the Regent.

The sun was shining brightly through the bars of my window when I opened my eyes. So soundly had I slept that I had not heard the entry of the guard, who had placed my breakfast on the chair beside me. It consisted of a pound of bread, which I learned afterwards was the daily allowance for each prisoner in the bastile, and a plate of haricot, in which bones and turnips were most conspicuous, and which I judged to consist of the remains of the dinner of the previous day. A can of water completed the repast, and I ate without grumbling. Not knowing that the bread was to last me the entire day, I ate it all. Then I sat down to think over the adventures of the night before, but I saw only the sweet face of Louise Dacour, and my heart trembled as I thought of the abyss I needs must span ere I could stand beside her, an equal in rank and fortune. Yet a stout heart might accomplish even that.

A tapping on the floor brought me back to earth, and I heard Richelieu's voice calling me.

"De Brancas," he cried, "de Brancas, tell me that it was not all a dream."

"A dream," I answered; "then I, too, have dreamed, monsieur."

"And we really did escape? We were at the dryad fountain?"

"If you could see my hands, monsieur, you would not doubt it," and I looked at them myself with tender solicitude, for they were abraded and blistered in many places.

"Ah, yes," cried Richelieu, "it was you who devised that plan,—who did the work. It was a masterpiece, Jean. I shall always remember it."

And he fell silent for a moment.

"You saw her, did you not, Jean?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes, I saw her."

"Her eyes?"

"Yes."

"And are they not the most beautiful in the kingdom?"

"I am glad you think so, monsieur," I said. "As for me, I have found two others which content me admirably."

"Two others?" he questioned, in an astonished voice. "But to whom do they belong?"

"To Mlle. Dacour," I answered, simply.

"Oh, my poor friend!" exclaimed Richelieu, and I heard him laughing. "Is your heart also in the toils? In faith, you have my sympathy. But come, the affair is not altogether hopeless. What do you know of Mlle. Dacour?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, but that she is beautiful and smiles divinely," I cried. "Ah, tell me all you know!" and I hung upon every word.

"She is the daughter of Chevalier Louis-Armand Dacour, who died a year ago, leaving her an honored name, but little wherewith to support it. Mlle. de Valois found her, it seems, admired her, and they are now inseparable. I have heard something more concerning her which favors your cause," added the duke, and he laughed again.

"Which favors my cause?" I asked, incredulously.

"She loves brave men," said Richelieu. "She abhors the wits and roues who have congregated about the regent, and they tell many stories of the ways in which she makes them feel her scorn. She signs for the days of the great cardinal, when good blows were stoutly given and cheerfully taken. Another exploit such as that of last night, de Brancas, and, believe me, her heart is yours."

"No, no, you are jesting," I murmured. Yet she had listened with sparkling eyes to the story of our escape. Well, if a sword could win a way to her heart, mine should not be idle.

"But come," cried the duke, "we have talked enough of your affairs. Let us talk of mine. Can you guess what she has promised me?"

"What is it, monsieur?" I asked, with a sinking heart, for I had little doubt as to the answer.

"A rendezvous for tomorow night. Not in the cold avenues of the garden this time, but in her apartment in the Palais Royal."

"And you intend to keep this rendezvous?" I asked.

"Assuredly; why not? Did we not keep that of yesterday?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but miracles do not happen twice in the same way. However, we shall see."

"'Tis true about the king of Sardinia," continued Richelieu, in a more gloomy tone. "He has sent proposals for her hand, and the regent swears she shall consent. But she says she would rather die, and I trust we may yet find a way out of it. Ah, there is someone coming!"

A moment later I heard the door of his cell opened and the voice of Maison-Rouge.

"The regent has just sent me an order for your release, M. le Duc," he said.

"My release?"

"Yes. Unfortunately, there is a squadron of horses awaiting in the courtyard to convey you to your regiment at Bayonne at once. Come, monsieur."

"To Bayonne? I am exiled from Paris, then?"

"So it seems."

"But my friend?"

"There are no orders for him. He must remain here."

"M. de Maison-Rouge," demanded Richelieu, "did my friend and I keep the agreement we made with you last night?"

"To the letter. Better than I had hoped."

"You may then have some feeling of friendship for us?"

"What is it, monsieur?"

"M. de Maison-Rouge, I ask you to go out of that door, close it after you, and withdraw 10 paces. At the end of five minutes return and I shall be ready to accompany you. Do this for me, monsieur, and I shall not forget it."

"You will not escape?" asked Maison-Rouge. "It is not a trick?"

"I swear to you monsieur, that I shall be here when you open the door."

"Very well; I believe I can trust you, M. le Duc," and I heard him withdraw and clang the door shut after him.

"Jean, Jean," called Richelieu, "you heard?"

"Yes, everything," I answered.

"The regent doubtless thinks I shall be safer at Bayonne, 300 leagues away, than in the Bastile. Well, so be it, but nevertheless I shall keep tryst with Charlotte tomorrow night. Listen. Be at the dryad fountain at 10 o'clock. I will meet you there. I do not doubt Louise Dacour will be there, also."

I trembled at the thought.

"If human power can do it, I will be there," I said.

"And listen, Jean," continued Richelieu; "you are to make my house your home if you get out of here. You understand? Jacques will know you. Silence. The governor is returning."

A moment later his door was opened again.

"Are you ready, monsieur?" asked Maison-Rouge.

"Quite ready," answered Richelieu, "and a thousand thanks for your courtesy."

They were gone and I was left alone with reflections that were not too pleasant. What did the regent intend doing with me? To a man of Richelieu's position some consideration must be shown, but I might be thrown into an obliette to rot and no one would ask twice about me. Verily, I thought, if I get out of this place again I shall do my best to stay out.

Noon came, and with it my dinner of soup, a piece of the meat of which it had been made, an apple, and a bottle of wine. I had no bread, for I had eaten all of mine for that day, and the sentry gruffly refused to give me more. I ate the dinner to the last morsel—for it has ever been my belief that the more desperate a man's condition the greater his need of food—and spent the afternoon looking out through the bars across the fields and watching the busy highway which led towards the city. I thought of Louise, and then, with a trembling dread of what it would mean to remain in this accursed hole for a year, or even a month, I vainly cudgelled my brain for a plan of escape, but could discover none which offered even a possibility of success. The weather had turned warm again, for which I was thankful, for the calotte was exposed to every wind, and must be frightfully cold in severe weather. The allowance of wood was limited to six pieces a day, and the wretched stove was wholly incapable of heating the place, even with plenty of fuel.

The afternoon passed and evening came. I ate the scant supper, crept into the snuggest corner, drew my bench against me for greater warmth, and soon fell asleep. The sun again awoke me, and the second morning went much as the first had done, only more wearisomely. I passed the hours in a kind of frenzy. One thought ran ceaselessly through my brain—to escape—to escape—but how? I could find no answer. About the middle of the afternoon I was startled by the sound of the bolts of my door being thrown, and turned from my window as a sentry entered.

"You are to follow me," he said.

"Gladly," I replied. "Nothing can be worse than this place," and I descended the staircase after him. We emerged into the well court, then into the outer court, and crossed the bridge into the court beyond, my guard saying never a word, but directing his steps towards the governor's office. A coach surrounded by a squad of mounted guards stood before it. Maison-Rouge himself met us at the door.

"M. de Brancas," he said, "the regent has sent for you. Enter the coach, and these gentlemen will conduct you to him."

"The devil!" I thought. "The regent! What can he want?" But without permitting any of my discomposure to appear in my face, I entered the coach. We were soon outside the walls, and I looked about for an opportunity to escape, but saw none. The guards were too many; besides, they were on horseback, while I should be on foot. Right across the city we drove, and I looked out upon the people passing to and fro and reflected bitterly that they were free and could go where they listed. But I had little time for meditation, for we were soon at the Palais Royal, and two of the guards dismounting, asked be to descend from the carriage. They placed themselves on either side of me and we mounted the staircase. Some 10 minutes we waited in a small antechamber to which no one else was admitted, and then we were shown into the presence of the regent.

"Good-day, M. de Brancas," he said, coolly; and added to the guards, "You may go. I fancy I shall not need you again." Then he turned to me. "Now, M. de Brancas, I intend to have a candid talk with you. But first, tell me, why are you my enemy?"

"But I am not your enemy, monsieur," I protested.

"Then why do you associate with my enemies?" he asked.

"Because they are my friends, monsieur."

"Ah! But my police tell me that you have been in Paris but 10 days. You seem to make friends quickly."

"Monsieur," I answered, "I admit that 10 days is not a long time, but in that time M. le Duc de Richelieu has twice saved my life. It will take me much longer than 10 days to repay that indebtedness."

Orleans looked at me a moment, and I fancied there was kindness in his eye. I admit the man pleased me, for he had an engaging address and an affable and kindly manner. I reflected that in his youth this man had been of high courage and ambition, and that if he had become a profligate, it was largely the fault of the king, who had always hated him, and of the Abbe Dubois, who had been his preceptor. Doubtless something of my thought appeared in my face, for the regent smiled somewhat sadly.

"You have heard horrible stories about me, have you not, M. de Brancas?" he asked. "It was I, they say, who poisoned the young Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, who am an astrologer, an alchemist, and an intimate friend of the devil."

"Oh, monsieur," I stammered, "but I have never believed such calumnies."

"No," said the regent, "I do not think that any one who knows me really believes them. Only my enemies use them against me in order to pull me down. But the kingdom will endure, no matter who assaults it. Do you believe in fate?" he asked, abruptly.

"Undoubtedly, monsieur," I answered, and I looked at him with astonished eyes.

He smiled as he glanced at me.

"You may understand, then," he said, "why I do not fear. For I believe that it is fate which has committed to my hands the destinies of this kingdom. And I intend to deserve the trust,—I intend to make it a kingdom better worth living in."

He fell silent for a moment, playing with a paper which lay before him on the table. That he really meant what he said — that he had in his heart many plans for the good of the people — I do not doubt. Ah, that he had been stronger and turned a deaf ear to those who led him from his purpose!

A tap on the door aroused him, and at his command an usher entered.

"What is it?" he asked, sharply.

"A deputation from the king of Sardinia to see your highness," replied the man.

The regent's face brightened and he straightened up in his chair. Evidently, the delegation was welcome.

"Ah, about the marriage," and I bit my lips to repress the exclamation which would have burst from me. "How many are in the deputation?"

"Three, monsieur."

"Then I will receive them here." The usher bowed and withdrew. "Nay, stay, M. de Brancas," he added to me, seeing that I made a movement to leave the room. "This is not a state secret, but merely a family affair, and one which I am quite willing for all the world to know. Besides, there may be something which I wish you especially to hear."

I felt my face crimson under his glance, whose hidden meaning I could not doubt, but there was no time to protest, even had I dared to do so, for the usher was back in a moment with the deputation at his heels. As they approached the regent I gazed at them with astonishment, for I could have sworn that they were livid with fear.

"You come from the king of Sardinia, I believe, messieurs," said the regent, graciously. "I trust that he is well."

The deputies bowed as one man.

"He is well, your highness," replied one of them, evidently the chief, "and begs to present his respects and good wishes."

"I thank him," and the regent bowed in turn. "And what message do you bring from him?"

I noticed that one of the men was wetting his lips convulsively, and as he hesitated for an answer a tapestry was raised and a man entered, whom I knew instinctively to be Dubois. The regent glanced at him impatiently, but said nothing.

"You may remember, M. le Regent," began the spokesman, in a trembling voice, "that some days ago the king sent to you a request for the hand of your daughter, Mlle. de Valois, in marriage."

"I remember it very well," said the regent, a storm gathering on his brow as he began to suspect some unpleasant denouement. "What then?"

"Since that time," continued the ambassador, "the king has considered the matter more carefully, and has found that he acted in haste, and that his health will not permit this marriage. He desires, therefore, to withdraw the request."

"What!" cried the regent, bounding from his chair and seeming about to fall upon the delegates, "withdraw the request? Do you know what you are saying, messieurs? And what is the reason for this extraordinary action?"

"I have already had the honor of telling your highness," faltered the man. I did not wonder that he had entered with livid face and trembling knees.

"Pardon me," interrupted a smooth voice, which made me start and filled me with disgust, and the Abbe Dubois stepped forward. "I believe I can throw some light upon the matter. I received a moment ago a message from my agent who has been near the king of Sardinia, and I was about communicating it to your highness when I found the delegation here. My correspondent writes that the king yesterday received word of a certain encounter of the night before in the gardens of the Palais Royal."

I colored as I felt the speaker's eyes on mine, but I returned his gaze without winking. "In view of this information, he has changed his mind about desiring to wed Mlle. de Valois."

"So," said the regent, falling into that menacing calm which I had already seen in the Cafe Procope, "it is Richelieu who has done this. Do you hear, monsieur?" he continued, turning to me with a deadly purpose in his face. "I swear that if Richelieu crosses my path again his head shall fall. But," he asked, turning to Dubois, "how did the king of Sardinia hear of this affair so quickly?"

"He was in Paris," answered Dubois. "He came incognito a week since, for the purpose, I think, of getting a glimpse of the princess before asking for her hand. Herault's men have been watching him for me."

"And where is he now?" asked the regent, eagerly.

"He left Paris at noon yesterday, monsieur," and I thought to myself that he had done well to be far away before the message was delivered.

"Ah!" said the regent, in a tone of disappointment; and then turning to the deputation, "Messieurs, go back to your little king and tell him that he shall not escape chastisement. What! the ruler of a toy island in the Mediterranean dare to insult the regent of France? My arm is long enough to crush him. Go!"

The deputation hurried to the door, evidently only too glad to escape so lightly, and as a sign from the regent Dubois followed them.

"You have heard, M. de Brancas," said the regent, turning to me, his face still red with anger, "this insult which has been put upon me, and you understand, of course, that it is Richelieu I have to thank for it, for I still believe that it was he and you who were in the Palais Royal gardens. But I am going to be generous, monsieur. You are free. I do not believe that in your heart you are my enemy. But keep away from plotting and intrigue, try to find some honorable employment for your sword, which, I have been assured, you know how to yield, and warn Richelieu to trouble me no more, else I will crush him as I would a fly."

"I thank you, monsieur," I said simply. "I shall not forget your kindness."

"I am sure of it," said the regent, and motioned me to go.

I left the palace with a light heart and made my way to the Hotel de Richelieu. Jacques admitted me at once, and in a few words I told the anxious fellow what had happened to his master, and that he would probably return to Paris in the evening. This done, I took a bath and donned a change of raiment, and then sat down before a meal which Jacques had ordered for me, and which was in pleasing contrast to my food of the past two days. I glanced at the window and saw that evening was already at hand, and as Jacques brought the candles, I pulled my chair before the fire, with a bottle of wine at my elbow. Louise Dacour's sweet face danced before me in the flames, and I wondered if it were indeed to be my fortune to see her again before the morning came.

(To Be Continued.)

Mark Twain in Hartford.

Hartford Courant.

Mark Twain did not come to Hartford to live until he was nearly 40 years old and he lived here only about 20 years, spending a good deal of those years abroad; and yet we of Hartford think of him always as a Hartford man, though in fact he was a man of the world. No other citizen of the United States, not General Grant nor Theodore Roosevelt, was more universally known and no other American author was ever so generally read. We of Hartford base our claim to him on the fact that he identified himself with this community as he did with no other, and on the other and still more welcome fact that here he spent the happiest and the most useful of his nearly four score years. Although he made his home for some time in New York and later settled down in Redding, the feeling has never died out here that he belonged to Hartford, and this has been intensified by the fact that wherever any Hartford traveler went the first question asked of him was whether he knew Mark Twain.

The Problem of Uncle Sam's Aged Clerks

UNCLE SAM has nearly 275,000 clerks in his service from the distant Philippines to Porto Rico, dividing a total annual wage of nearly $300,000,000. That there are too many clerks in Uncle Sam's employ over 60 years of age, and some 70 and even 80, is a familiar fact, but it is not generally known that from both sides, the clerks and the government, efforts are now under way to solve the difficult situation. Senator Perkins, of California, has prepared a bill providing for an annuity for the clerks. It is a saving plan, and briefly explained provides that each employe shall each month turn over to Uncle Sam a very small percentage of his wages, the sum to be placed at interest by the government and to be returned to the clerk when he retires. It is hoped thus to create savings funds sufficient to solve the problem of caring for aged clerks, without recourse to the objectionable straight pension plan.

The man who is at the head of the organization from the employes' side is M. F. O'Donohue, a native of Ireland, but true-blue American by adoption, Mr. O'Donohue's life reads like a romance. His critical knowledge of Greek and Latin fits him to assume charge of a great American college, where he would shine as a schoolmaster, but he has cast his lot with that side of the government which remains, though administrations change, the actual working force, which, after all is said, is the anchor of safety in all political weathers, good or bad. Early in life he drifted to the Pacific coast, where he became known as an orator. He studied law, came East, and finally became one of the examiners in a very technical branch of the patent office. It is said that should the records of decisions in his department be destroyed by fire tomorrow, he could replace them from his own extraordinary memory. Mr. O'Donohue is in demand at banquets, and is an orator in the true sense of that much misused term. He tells some wonderful stories of aged clerks that labor in Uncle Sam's behalf.

"The average busy American," says Mr. O'Donohue, "dismisses the side of the government clerk with a few curt words, such as 'Oh, well, if he didn't like it, he could have quit his job years ago.' Aside from the heartlessness of these coarse remarks, they are based on thoughtlessness rather than downright cold-heartedness. The American public are the most generous in the world, but on the subject of Uncle Sam's force, the facts yet remain to be told.

"There is injustice and fault, on both sides, the men's and the government's. But no man likes to see an aged clerk going to work in a wheelchair. Common humanity forbids, and the thought is that the man be cared for, if he has worn out his life in the government's service.

"It works two ways, first it blocks the advance of the younger men, and next it makes Uncle Sam spend a great big sum for work that we all agree is not up to the mark; for when a man reaches 70, and over, his efficiency is not equal to what it was in the early days, that is conceded. It has been calculated that Uncle Sam loses some millions each year this way—and to make a long story short—it is unjust to every American that this should go on. The idea is, then, to get the old men safely and honorably out of the way, not with a pension but by an annuity, composed of their own savings. Of course, the older men are now too advanced in years to make it possible for them to accumulate enough in this way, so the Perkins bill provides that in these extreme cases the government chips in to help out, but with the younger element the time is long enough to enable them, in their instances to accumulate enough savings, month by month, under the retirement plan, to create their retirement fund. There is no pension about it, you see; but an annuity created by the man himself."

Mr. O'Donohue, who is a poet to his finger tips, revels in sparkling, patriotic verse. To hear him recite The Sword of Bunker Hill, or Our Country's Flag, is to make the blood leap in his listener's veins; and when he concludes great cheers fill the hall. He puts life, spirit and magnetism into his work. He is a friend of big public men, but at the same time is loyal to the clerks in the ranks. He is making the retirement fight without pay, working nights and Sundays for the cause of the new plan to retire the aged and give the younger men a fair and square fighting chance.

Muckrakers of Other Days.

THERE is a class of newspapers and magazines that descend to vituperation and abuse upon the merest pretext. So frequently have attacks of this character challenged my attention during the past year that I began to wonder whether the early Presidents, whose names have come down to us as the very embodiment of the highest type of American patriotism and official integrity, were also the subject of such fierce villification and abuse in the periodicals published in their particular day and generation. I had not proceeded far in my investigations ere I found that they, too, had been the victims of muckrakers. But, knowing how their memory is revered by the great majority of our countrymen, I became convinced that these attacks usually have little effect upon posterity.

I soon found that during the first administration of President Washington he had been the subject of more or less attack in the pamphlets and newspapers of that epoch. But it was during his second administration that the muckrakers of that era came out in the open —and made him the target of bitter invective and vituperation such as has seldom been equalled in the annals of our country.

Here are a few samples of the vaporings of the writers of that period:

"The President, not content with annihilating the people, wished also to annihilate the obligations of a treaty—the price of our liberties. Faithless, unprincipled and aristocratical moderatist, who would offer up the liberties of thy fellow citizens on the altar of administration, and the sacred obligations of our country, though perhaps not thine, on the altar of treachery and dishonor!

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation has been deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages; let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol; let the history of the federal government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberty of the people.

"What will posterity say of the man who has done this thing? Will it not say that the mask of political hypocrisy has been worn by Caesar, by Cromwell, and by Washington alike?"

It seems almost incredible that in the days of President Washington such language could have been printed in any newspaper in this fair land. But the President resented this kind of attack. How could he do otherwise? How could any man, who had at heart the love of his country that our first great President had, do otherwise? How could any man of his patriotic nature have remained silent under such abuse? And so he wrote a letter to his friend, Gov. Lee, of Virginia, and I commend to this committee the language of that letter, for it well may be taken —as an excellent model of remonstrance against the vile attacks that are being made upon public men in our own day. The President said:

"That there are in this, as in all other countries, discontent characters I well know, as also that these characters are actuated by very different views. Some good, from the opinion that the measures of the general government are impure; some bad and (if I might be allowed to use so harsh an expression) diabolical, inasmuch as they are not only meant to impede the measures of government generally, but more especially to destroy the confidence which it is necessary the people should place (until they have unequivocal proof of demerit) in their servants, for in this light I consider myself whilst I am an occupant of office; and if they were to go further and call me their slave during this period, I would not dispute the point with them. But in what will this abuse terminate?

"For the result, as it respects myself, I care not. I have a consolation within me of which no earthly efforts can deprive me, and that is that neither ambition nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. The arrow of malevolence, however barbed and pointed, can never reach my most valuable part; though, whilst I am up as a mark, they will be continually aimed at me. The publications in Freneau's and Bache's papers are outrages on common decency and they progress in that style, in proportion as their pieces are treated with contempt, and passed over in silence by those against whom they are directed. Their tendency, however, is too obvious to be mistaken by men of cool and dispassionate minds, and in my opinion, ought to alarm them, because it is difficult to prescribe bounds to their effect."

Every American is proud of this city of Washington, with its superb capitol and its modest but architecturally beautiful White House. The construction of these buildings was authorized and commenced during the administration of President Washington. Hark, now, in this extract from one of the publications of that period:

"Ninety-seven thousand dollars have gone into the President's house and as much more is wanted. Eighty thousand dollars spent upon the Capitol, and the building scarcely above the foundation walls. And this wastefulness is encouraged by a government that cannot raise money to pay the interest on the debts it is each year contracting."

During the administration of John Adams the Federalist press and the Democratic press vied with each other in printing abuse of the adherents of the opposing political parties. The President was constantly assailed by the Democratic muckrakers of that day. I shall not dwell at any length upon the articles that the delver into the contemporaneous newspaper literature of that period will bring to light, but I will content myself with referring to "The Prospect Before Us," which was said to have been written and published by Callender while undergoing sentence in the Richmond (Va.) jail, having been convicted under the sedition laws that had been passed under the Adams administration. He delighted to refer to President Adams as "a hoary traitor," and charged him with having "only completed the scene of ignominy which Mr. Washington had begun."

Natural History in Kentucky

Hopkinsville Independent.

Edgar Bradshaw, who lives two miles from Masonville, between the Clarksville pike, and the Bradshaw road, has a chicken that is about ten days old that has four distinct legs, two of which are well developed and two fairly developed in the rear that stick out behind. As the chicken walks the hind legs kick out like a hay tedder. He says he has named the chicken the "hay tedder." If the chicken dies he intends to have it stuffed,

Paducah News-Democrat.

Although the gosling hatched by a goose of the flock of Mrs. Angeline Sanders, of the Eden Hill neighborhood, in the suburbs of Paducah, had four feet, every one of the toes was fully webbed, and Mrs. Sanders predicts that the little downy gosling will outswim any water fowl in existence. The freakish little goose was hatched along with eight others. In getting to a nearby pond at four strides to all the other seven goslings' two, it attracted the attention of Mrs. Sanders. A few minutes after splashing into the water the doubly busy little goose youngster had all its seven nestmates and mother winded. Then the owner coaxed it ashore and was surprised upon examining it to see the cause of the little gosling's ball-bearing actions, both on land and on water.

Franklin Advocate.

Mrs. Ella Copeland recently had a brood of chickens to hatch out and among the number was one with three legs. The third member does not touch the ground and is entirely useless. However, it does not interfere with the growth and development of the chicken, which bids fair to live, thrive and go through life with one more limb than is usually allotted to a chicken.

Facts About Spiders

Saturday Review.

THE male of the well known garden spider is a tiny creature, unfamiliar to the casual observer and very different from the female both in form and habits. Although in early life he can construct an exceedingly perfect snare, he seems to lose the art, or at any rate the ambition to exercise it, upon reaching maturity, and merely spins a few tangled threads, intended, no doubt, as a position of vantage from which to approach his ladylove. His courtship is, as a rule, an ignominious affair. He is bullied, pushed out of the web and not infrequently, trussed up and relegated to the larder by his physically superior spouse.

Zilla, a very common, dusty colored spider, which frequents stone walls and fences, has improved somewhat upon the orb web of the garden spider, inasmuch as she leaves one segment devoid of the sticky cross threads to facilitate her passage from her hiding place to the hub of the web. Hyptiotes seems, however, to have reached the highest development in the orb spinning art. The snare is reduced to a mere triangle stretched upon a firm, elastic thread, and at the apex sits the obscure little owner with a coil of thread firmly held in such a manner that the whole web is drawn forward under considerable tension. No sooner does a fly attempt to pass than the thread is released and the web springs forward like a catapult upon the luckless victim.

Closely allied to the orb spinners are those spiders which spin saucer shaped snares surmounted by a tangle of threads into which flies blunder, falling in their confusion into the sheet of web beneath. In this group are the smallest known spiders, some of them measuring less than a millimetre in total body length. Many of them are aeronauts, traveling vast distances by silk threads emitted from their spinners. They seem able to regulate their flight, to some extent, by paying out more thread as they desire to rise and rolling it up by means of their legs when they wish to descend. Often, in suitable localities and under favorable meteorological conditions immense multitudes of these tiny creatures simultaneously embark upon their strange journeys. Trial threads, false starts and collisions are inevitably frequent as delicate flakes of gossamer, to the considerable surprise of the superstitious rustic, who as a rule attributes the phenomenon to the fairies or occasionally implicates the Virgin Mary.

The water spider, which makes a silken bell beneath the surface of ponds, fills it with air and within it brings up his family, is well known to all readers of general works on natural history. It may surprise some, however, to learn that this species is very closely allied to our commonest house spiders. The male of the water spider is larger than his mate, a most unusual thing among spiders.

The vagabond spiders include, besides a number of little known groups, three well marked sections which we may broadly refer to as the crab spiders, the wolf spiders and the jumping spiders. Some of the crab spiders are exceedingly rapid, but the more typical species move very deliberately and trust to cunning rather than to speed for the capture of their victims. Often these spiders are speckled and blotched so as to resemble exactly by the ground upon which they rest, and one well known species, Misumena vatia, which is of an almost uniform yellow or greenish white tint, hides in the center of flowers and siezes insects which approach to gather honey. Even bees are not immune from the attacks of this ferocious little creature, their stings being awkwardly placed for use against a foe who seizes them by the head and drags them into a blossom.

The wolf spiders are dark creatures, commonly of some shade of brown, which run fearlessly upon the ground in the open. They often occur in enormous numbers in suitable spots, giving one the impression that they live in "packs." The eggs when laid are enclosed in a small spherical or lenticular sac, which is carried by the female attached to her spinners. This sac she guards with the greatest care, manifesting the greatest concern and searching diligently for it should she be deprived of the precious packet. Nevertheless she will receive the sac of another female with every indication of satisfaction, and, in fact, a piece of pith cut to approximately the same size as the original sac is, as often as not, accepted and tenderly guarded.

A small section of the wolf spiders, popularly known as the "pirates," frequently the herbage upon the sides of ponds and streams. They chase their prey upon the surface of the water, often diving when threatened by an enemy. An allied species actually constructs a raft of dead leaves and other debris, upon which it circumnavigates ponds of considerable magnitude, hiding beneath the raft when danger threatens.

Probably, however, the most curious spiders as far as habits are concerned are the salticids or jumping spiders. These creatures have been fairly extensively studied, especially in the United States, and their life histories would make a volume teeming with interest. The antics of the male during the courting period are most extraordinary, especially when, as often happens, several suitors aspire to the hand of one lady. Dancing matches and wrestling bouts, in which the spiders apear carefully to avoid using their poison apparatus, are the usual means of deciding the claim, and, the female having made her choice, the rejected suitor departs little the worse for the encounter. Should, however, two females come to blows the result is very different. Within a few moments the stroke of a poison fang generally leaves one of the combatants dead upon the field.

The Lure of the Mask

BY
HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXV.

Free.

It was Merrihew who woke the sleeping cabby, pushed Hillard into a seat, and gave the final orders which were to take them out of the Villa Aridne for ever. He was genuinely moved over the visible misery of his friend. He readily believed that Hillard's hurt was of the incurable kind, and so long as memory lasted the full stab of the pain would recur. So to get him away from the scene at once was the best possible thing he could do. Merrihew noticed the little group of men collected at the edge of the road, but he was too deeply absorbed in his own affairs to stop and make inquiries. The principal thing was to reach Florence without delay. He smoked two cigars and offered scarcely a dozen words to Hillard. When they arrived at the white house in the Borgognissanti and the night watchman drew the great bolts to admit them, Merrihew was glad. And all this to evolve from an unknown woman singing under Hillard's window but six months ago! And a princess! Truly the world was full of surprises.

He went to bed, advising Hillard to do the same. Mental repose was needed before they could sit down and discusss the affair rationally.

At nine in the morning Hillard heard a fist banging on the panels of the door.

"Open, Jack; hurry!" cried Merrihew outside. There was great agitation in his voice.

Hillard opened the door. "What's the trouble, Dan?" he asked.

Merrihew closed the door and whispered: "Dead!" As the light from the window fell upon his face it disclosed pale checks and widely opened eyes.

"Who?" Hillard's heart contracted. "In God's name, who?"

"The prince. They found him and his horse at the bottom of the gorge. There was a broken place in the road, and over this they had gone. The concierge says that there has been foul play. Tracks in the dust, a strange cut in the neck of the horse, and a scabbard minus its saber. Now what the devil shall I do with the blamed sword?"

Dead! Hillard sat down on the edge of the bed. Dead! Then she was free, free.

"What shall I do with it?" demanded Merrihew a second time.

"The sword? You really brought it?"

"Yes. And if they find us with it—"

"Put it in the bottom of the trunk and leave it there till you land in New York. But the prince dead? You are sure?"

"All Florence is ringing with the story of the ball, the wind-up, and the tragedy. He's dead, no doubt of it. Shall we go up to the villa this morning?"

"No, Dan;" but all the weariness went out of Hillard's eyes.

And then Merrihew noticed. Hillard still wore his evening clothes and the bed was untouched.

"That's very foolish."

"Why? I couldn't have closed my eyes," replied Hillard.

"But won't she need you up there?" Merrihew was obviously troubled.

"If she needs me she'll send for me. But I am not needed, and she will not send for me. I shall remain here and wait."

"He's dead. Things work out queerly, don't they?"

"She is free. Thank God!"

"You are not sorry, are you?"

"Sorry? In a way, yes. He was a blackleg, butit isn't pleasant to contemplate the manner of his end."

"Well, I can frankly say that there's no such sentiment on my side. He'd have cut you down if I hadn't stopped him," said Merrihew, rubbing his swollen knuckles.

"It was measure for measure: I should have killed him had not you and O'Mally interfered."

"That's true. But what's back of all this muddle? Why was she masquerading as an opera singer, when fortune and place were under her hand?"

"She has promised to write."

"By George!"

"What now?"

"Didn't Giovanni tell us that he had friends in Fiesole, and that he was going to visit them?"

"Giovanni? I had forgotten. But what had my old valet against the prince?"

"Goivanni had a daughter," said Merrihew. "His knife left a scar on his check. Two and two make four."

"But Giovanni had promised us."

"If this man did not cross his path. It looks as if he did."

Hillard had nothing to offer. He simply began dressing in his dayclothes stopping at times and frowning at the walls. Merrihew wisely refrained from adding any questions. He was human; he knew that somewhere in Hillard's breast the fires of hope burned anew.

The day passed without additional news. But at night the last of the American Comic Opera Company straggled into the votel, plus various pieces of luggage. O'Mally, verbose as ever, did all the talking and vending of news.

"You wouldn't know her," he said, referring to La Signorina—for they would always call her that. "When she heard of that duffer's death I swear that she believed you had a hand in it. But when she heard that the accident had occurred before you left the villa, she just collapsed. Oh, there was a devil of a mess; police agents, carabinieri, inspectors. It was a good thing that there were plenty of witnesses to prove that the prince had called La Signorina his wife, or she would be in jail this night, and we along with her. The police were hunting for the missing saber. Of course, we knew nothing about it," with a wink at Merrihew. "I don't know what would have happened if her lawyer hadn't hurried up from Rome and straightened out things. Queer business. But she's a princess, all right; and she doesn't need any foreign han-

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dle, either. Kitty, you stick to America when you think of getting married."

"I shall," said Kitty demurely.

"My opinion," went on O'Mally, "is that the prince beat his nag out of pure deviltry, and the brute jumped into the gorge with him. The carabinieri claim they saw a man in the gorge. They gave chase, but couldn't find hide nor hair of him."

Merrihew looked significantly at Hillard, who signed to him to be silent.

"I am glad that we can sail Saturday," said Kitty. She was very tired.

"So am I," echoed Smith. "All I want is a heart-to-heart talk with old Broadway. Never again for mine!"

"Go on!" said O'Mally. "You'll be talking about this for the next 10 years."

"As to that I don't say. But never my name on a foreign contract again, unless it takes me to London. No more parle Italiano. Let's go over to the Grand. There's an American barkeep over there, and he'll sympathize with us."

"You're on!" said O'Mally willingly.

When they were gone, Hillard asked Kitty if she had any news.

"She said that she would write you, and for you to remain here till you received the letter."

"Was that all?"

"Yes. Have you seen anything of that wretched man Worth, who is the cause of all this trouble?"

"No, nor do I care to."

"Suppose the three of us take a stroll along the Lungarno?" suggested Merrihew. "It will be the last chance together."

"You two go. I am worn out," said Hillard. "I had no sleep last night."

So Kitty and Merrihew went out together. They climbed the Ponte Vecchio, leaned against the rail back of the bust of Cellini and contemplated the trembling lights on the sluggish waters.

"I hate to leave him alone," said Merrihew.

Kitty nestled snugly against his arm. "Don't worry about him. It is all well with him."

"How do you know?"

"I am a woman."

"Oh!" A bell crashed out across the river; it was 9 o'clock. "Do you love me, Kittie Killigrew?"

"Very much, Mr. Merrihew."

"But why did you keep me waiting so long?"

"That's one of the few secrets I shall never tell you."

Merrihew pursued his investigations no further. "We shall have to live in a flat."

"I should be happy in a flat. What an adventure we have had! I regret none of it."

"Neither do I." And then, sure of the shadow and the propitiousness of the moment, he kissed her. Kitty would never have forgiven him if he hadn't. "I've bought you a cricket to take home."

"A cricket?"

"Yes. These Florentines consider crickets very lucky, that is, the first you find in May. You put him in a little wire cage, and feed him lettuce, and if he sings, why, there's no doubt about the good luck. Funny little codger! Looks like a parson in a frock coat and an old-fashioned stock."

"Good luck always," said Kitty, brushing his hand with her lips.

They were gone, and Hillard was alone. He missed them all sorely. Merrihew with his cheery laugh, Kitty with her bright eyes, and O'Mally with his harmless drolleries. And no letter. It would not be true to say that he waited patiently, that he was resigned; he waited because he must wait. There had been a great shock, and she required time to recover her poise. Was there a woman in all the world like her? No. She was well worth waiting for. And so he would wait. She was free now; but would that really matter? There was no barrier; but could she love him? And might not her letter, when it did come, be a valedictory?

Daily he searched the newspapers for news of Giovanni; but to all appearances Giovanni had vanished, as indeed he had, forever out of Hillard's sight and knowledge.

The letter came one week after the departure of his friends. It was postmarked Venice. And the riddle was solved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Letter.

Shall I say that I am sorry? No. I am not a hypocrite. Death in all forms is horrible, and I shudder and regret, but I am not sorry. Does it sound cruel and heartless to express my feelings thus frankly? Well, I am human; I do not pose as being better than I am. I have suffered a grievous wrong. At the hands of this man I lost my illusions, I learned the words of hate and loathing, shame and despair. Again I say that I regret the violence of his end, but I am not sorry to be free. If we wait long enough the scales of Heaven will balance nicely. Some outraged father or brother, to this alone do I attribute his death.

Let me be as brief as possible; I have no desire to weary you, only the wish to vindicate in part what appeared to you as a species of madness.

My father was Colonel Grosvenor, of the Confederate army during the civil war. On General Lee's staff was an Italian named the Principi di Monte Bianca. He was an Arab for wandering. The tumult of battle would bring him round the world. Rich, titled, a real noble, he was at heart an adventurer, a word greatly abused these inglorious days. For does not the word adventurer stand for the pioneer, the explorer, the inventor, the soldier and the sailor? It is wrong to apply the word to the impostor. My father was cut from the same pattern, a wild and reckless spirit in those crowded times. The two became friends such as you and Mr. Merrihew are. Their exploits became famous. My father was also rich and a man of foresight. He knew that the stars and bars was a flag of temporary endurance. All that portion of his wealth which remained in the south he readily sacrificed with his blood. His real wealth was in foreign securities, mines, oils, steel, steamships. When the war terminated, the prince prevailed upon my father to return with him to Italy. Italy was not new to my father; and as he loved the country and spoke the language, he finally consented. He saw the shadow of the reconstruction and dreaded it; and there were no ties of blood to hold him in the states. Italy itself was in turmoil. Il Re Galantuomo, that Piedmontese hunter, Vittorio Emanuele, wished to liberate Venice from the grasp of Austria, to wrest temporal power from the vatican, and to send the French troops back to France. Well, he accomplished all these things, and both my father and the prince were with him up to the time he entered the Quirinal. After victory, peace. My father invested in villas and palaces, added to his fortune through real estate in Rome, lived in Florence a little while, and settled down to end his days in the Venetian palace on the Grand Canal. He and the prince met daily at Floria's and planned futures or dreamed over the noisy past.

Then my father, still young, remember, fell in love with the daughter of a Venetian noble. It was a happy union. Shortly after the prince also married. He was, with the exception of my father, the most lovable man I ever knew. Brave, kindly, impetuous, honorable, witty and wise; it does not seem possible that such a father should have such a son. Though he covered it up with all the rare tact of a man of the world, his marital ties were not happy like my father's.

There came a great day: a young prince was born, and the rough king stood as his godfather. Later I added my feeble protest, at the cost of my mother's life. These domestic histories! how far more vital to the welfare of nations than the flaming pages of war and politics! As I grew up I became my father's constant companion; we were always out of doors. By and by he sent me to America to school; for he still loved his country and was not that fault-finding scold, the expatriate. And I may as well add that your defense of America pleased me as few things have in these later years. I returned from America to enter a convent out of Rome. From there I went to Milan and studied music under the masters. My father believed in letting youth choose what it would. Music! What should I have done without it in the dark hours?

One fatal day the old prince and my father put their heads together and determined that this great friendship of theirs shoulde be perpetuated; the young prince should marry the young signorina. When will parents learn not to meddle with the destinies of their children? So they proceeded to make the alliance an absolute certainty. They drew up the strangest of wills. Both men were in full control of their properties; there was no entailed estate such as one finds in England. They could do as they pleased; and this was before Italy had passed the law requiring that no art treasures should be sold or transported. Fortunately for me, my mother's property was considerable.

The impossible clauses in the joint will read that if we two young people declined the bargain the bulk of the estates should revert to the crown; again, if we married and separated and were not reunited inside of five years, the fortunes should become the crown's; if, having separated from my husband, either for just or unjust reasons, I should secretly or publicly occupy any villa or palace mentioned in the will, it would be a tacit admission that I accepted my husband. Was there ever such an insane tangle kindly meant? We must marry, we must be happy; that our minds and hearts were totally different did not matter at all. Do you understand why I went from city to city, living haphazard? Sometimes I was very poor, for my income from my mother's estate was paid quarterly, and I did not inherit my father's business ability. During the recent days in Venice I had to offer my jewels because I dared not write my attorneys for an advance, for I did not wish them to know where I was.

Time went on. How young I was in those days! What dreams I dreamed! The old prince died suddenly, his wife followed. And then my kind and loving father went the way. I was very, very lonely. But I was taken under the wing of a duchessa who was popular at court. At this period the young prince was one of the handsomest men in Europe. Foolish women set about to turn his head. He was brave, clever and engaging. Dissipation had not yet enmashed him. My heart fluttered naturally when I saw him, for he was permitted to see me at intervals. Young girls have dreams which in older years appear ordinary enough. He was then to me Prince Charming. I was really glad that I was to marry him.

On completing my education I decided to live in Rome, where the prince was quartered. I went into the world with serene confidence, believing that all men were good, like my father and his friend. The old duchessa mothered the rich American girl gladly; for, though I was half Italian, they always considered me as the child of my father. I was presented at court. I was asked to dinners and receptions and balls. I was quite the rage because the dowager queen gave me singular attention. My head was in whirl. In Europe, as you know, till a woman is married she is a nonentity. I was beginning to live. The older women were so attentive and the men so gallant that I lost sight of the things that counted. As I was a fluent linguist, and as I possessed a natural lightness of heart, my popularity was by no means due to my property. I believe I sang wherever I went, because I loved music, because it was beatuiful to send one's voice across space in confidence; it was like liberating the soul for a moment.

The prince by this time seemed changed in some way, but I was blindly young. A girl of 20 in European society circles knows less than a girl of 15 in the states. Often I noticed the long scar on his cheek. He had received it, he said, in some cavalry exercise. As the Italians are reckless horsemen, I accepted this explanation without question. I know differently now! But he was as courteous and gallant as ever.

Now, there was another clause in this will. It was the one thing which made the present life tolerable and possible for me. We were to be married without pomp, quietly, first at the magistrate's and then at the church.

Have you not often seen the carriage pass you in the street? The bride in her white dress and veil and the bouquet of roses? The ribbon round the driver's whip? The good-natured smiles of the idlers, the children running out and crying for a rose? They say that a rose given by the bride brings luck. It was thus we passed through the streets to the magistrate's. I did not know then that I was not in love, that I was only young and curious. I threw roses to any who asked. The prince sat beside in full-dress uniform, looking very handsome and distinguished. We heard many compliments. The prince smiled, but he was nervous and not at ease. I thought nothing of this at the time. I believed his nervousness a part of my own. To be sure, there was a fair gathering at the magistrate's, for the name of Monte Bianca was widely known. But there was none of our own class present; they would be at the church.

The magistrate performed his part in the affair. Legally we were man and wife. We were leaving for the church, when at the very doorway a handsome woman, sad-eyed, weary, shabbily dressed, touched me on the arm.

"A rose signora!"

I gave it to her, smiling pityingly.

"God pray," she said, "that this man will make you happier than he made me!"

The prince was at my elbow, pushing me toward the carriage. But something had been said that could not be lightly passed. I stood firm.

"Let us be on!" said the prince, eagerly.

"Wait!" I turned to the woman. "Signora, what do you mean by those words?"

"His highness knows." She pointed to the prince, whose face I now saw, strangely enough, for the first time. It was black with rage and ugliness.

"What has he been to you?" I demanded.

(Concluded Next Week.)

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1337 Burr Building,
Scranton, Pa.

It is easy to apply and is an entirely new discovery of my own. It is absolutely harmless and so simple that it can be used without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. It is also an excellent beautifier, and aside from removing wrinkles and filling out the hollows in face or neck it may be used to enlarge the breasts and greatly enhance their beauty. People often write, "It sounds too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. If interested in my discovery, please address DELLA ELLISON, 1237 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Just inclose the above Coupon and state that you wish full particulars of my new discovery, and they will be sent to you in a sealed envelope, absolutely free of charge.

CONCRETE ON THE FARM

Good Portland cement is finely ground and uniform in color; yellow streaks in it denote an under-burning. The sand should be sharp and not too fine and free from dirt and organic matter. For the best results use dry sand, and if necessary dry it out before using, because cement when applied to a wet sand takes up the moisture quickly, forming little balls and causing weakness in the finished concrete.

Crushed rock is largely used in making concrete. The screenings should be separated from the crushed rock before mixing to guard against pockets and irregular proportions and the cement should be first mixed with the screenings, adding the stone afterward. Wet the stone a few hours before using because dry stone will take moisture too rapidly for the cement mortar.

Gravel makes a good concrete when it is clean and has one part of sand to two parts of rock. The large stone should be discarded or crushed before using. The gravel should be tested so as to know the exact proportions of sand and rock and used accordingly.

The four recognized mixtures of concrete, with their respective proportions of cement, sand and crushed rock, and the kinds of construction for which they are suitable, are as follows:

1 Rich, 1-2-4 floors, fence posts.
2. Ordinary, 1-2½-5, walks, thin walls.
3. Medium, 1-3-6, heavy walls, piers.
4. Lean, 1-4-8, footings, where little strength is needed.

In each case the rock is just twice the amount of sand.

The complete mixing of all the materials is a factor which decides the strength of the concrete. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the thorough mixing of all materials. Measure exact amounts each part.— Fred R. Crane.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader please tell me, through the Farmstead, what will destroy wild mustard in heavy soil.—N., Newaygo, Mich.

I have a valuable mare, with foal, that "has hooks in her eyes." When she turns or raises her head the eyeballs are almost covered. She is in good condition and eats heartily. What must I do?—H., Thurman, Iowa.

My colt hurt its eye, and it is milky. It has been in that condition for almost nine months. What must I do for it?—P., Worthington, W. Va.

I have a horse colt, 7 days old, that was ruptured when foaled. I want to ask if anything can be done for him.—S., League, W. Va.

Will some Blade reader please give me a recipe for making grafting wax, and tell the proper time to graft?—L., Kennard, Pa.

DWARFS FOR HOME ORCHARD

Standard apple trees send out their roots and branches over 35 to 40 feet of ground, but dwarf trees do not spread over six to eight feet, and should be chosen for that reason.

Of course, says George T. Powell, in Suburban Life, only the best varieties should be planted for home use. Here is a good list: Summer varieties—Red Astrachan, Williams, Early Harvest, Primate, Sweet Bough. Early autumn—Gravenstein, Chenango, Wealthy. Late autumn — Fall Pippin, Richard Graft, Washington Strawberry, McIntosh. Winter—Rhode Island Greening, Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Wagener, Lady Sweet.

The Red Astrachan and Williams are red apples, of excellent flavor, the Red Astrachan being rather more sour or acid than the Williams, also stronger in growth. Where only one tree can be grown, by all means choose the Red Astrachan, for it bears freely and has much more to recommend it.

Early Harvest is a yellow apple which ripens very early, in most places in August. Primate is also yellow and, like the Harvest, mild in its acid flavor; it ripens a little later. Sweet Bough is a beautiful pale yellow in color, often with a blush on one side, and possesses a delicious sweet flavor. This apple also ripens the last of August.

Quickly following these early summer kinds comes the beautiful Richard Graft, with yellow background, splashed and striped with red or carmine. Its flesh is tender, juicy and crisp, with the most delicious flavor found in any apple. This variety has a most valuable peculiarity in the fact that it ripens over a long period — from four to six weeks, from the middle of September until late October.

The Washington Strawberry is large and yellow, splashed and mottled with red. It is crisp, brittle, tender, juicy and subacid, a good bearer through September and October. The McIntosh is remarkably beautiful, having deep red, then white flesh, and in high flavor. It ripens in November, but in New England will keep into February.

The Rhode Island Greening is an old variety that is in universal demand, its popularity ever increasing. The tree has a spreading habit of growth. The fruit is acid and is excellent for cooking, while it is highly prized for dessert purposes. The tree bears very regularly, and the apples keep into February.

The color of the Grimes Golden is indicated by its name. Its rich flavor gives it popularity for eating purposes, but it is best adapted to the south and west, where it ripens from January to April.

Wagener is one of the high quality apples, having a fine deep red color, tender, crisp flesh, and keeps well through April. The tree grows upright and is well suited to the suburban garden.

Lady Sweet is one of the best of several varieties of sweet apples. Its red color is attractive. It is very sweet, gives a delicious aroma, and will keep into May.

As it is desirable to keep the trees as small in form as possible, pruning should be done mainly in June. Summer pruning has a tendency to check the growth, while pruning in the winter stimulates wood growth.

When pruning dwarf trees, cut back all of the annual growth from one-third to one-half. If this growth is very strong, say from 12 to 16 inches, prune off one-third of the wood; if it is from 8 to 10 inches, cut back one-half.

Thin out a few of the branches inside of the tree, especially those that grow crosswise, that the sun may be freely admitted to all parts of the tree. With suitable pruning to keep the trees in compact form, and liberal fertilizing, the luxury of apples may be enjoyed for several months.

Among pears, very few are adapted to dwarfing, among them being the Bartlett, Seckel and Howell. Standard pear trees require too much space for the suburban garden. The trees, both apple and pear, should be set in diagonal form, at a distance of eight feet apart, across the center of the garden.

The Bartlett is the most popular of all pears. The variety originated in England and, since its introduction to America, it has been more widely planted than all other kinds combined. Its color is a pale yellow, and its flesh melting and juicy, with a slight musky flavor.

The Seckel, however, possesses the highest quality and the finest flavor known in pears. The fruit is medium in size, and in color a golden russet, often with a rich shading of red. The tree grows in compact form, and is especially adapted to limited space. It follows the Bartlett, ripening in September.

ENCOURAGE THE BIRDS

The farmer or fruit grower cannot possibly reach the highest success in his business without the aid of the birds (except, perhaps, the English sparrow), and yet they are often very annoying during the ripening season of the early fruits. Various methods have been tried to prevent their ravages on the early fruit crop with more or less success, but the most practical method that we have tried is to plant other fruits which they like, which ripen at the same time and which are not especially desirable for family use.

POSTUM FOR MOTHERS

The Drink that Nourishes and Supplies Food for Mother and Child.

"My husband has been unable to drink coffee for several years, so we were very glad to give Postum a trial and when we understood that long boiling would bring out the delicious flavor, we have been highly pleased with it.

"It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial.

"Our five-year-old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless. I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the great improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health, to the free use of Postum and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.

"I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum, to follow directions in making it, for unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. On the other hand, when properly made, it is very delicious. I want to thank you for the benefits we have derived from the use of your Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

STRAWBERRIES ARE BEST OF THE SMALL FRUITS

By J. Troop,
Indiana Agricultural Experiment Station.

Probably no fruit that is grown will adapt itself to such a diversity of soils and conditions as the strawberry. For that reason it can be grown by practically every one, in nearly every portion of the United States, who has a few square rods of good soil which can be devoted to that purpose.

Our cultivated strawberries of the present day are the results of crossing and recrossing of three distinct spesies, viz.: Fragaria Chilioensis, which is a native of the Pacific coast of South America; Fragaria Vesca, a native of Europe, and Fragaria Virginiana, common in new ground and waste places in the middle and eastern portions of North America. Many of the so-called wild strawberries found along railroads and in fields that have been cultivated are only seedlings of the cultivated varieties, which have come from seeds dropped by birds or other wild animals. Some of our best cultivated varieties, however, are accidental seedlings of this character.

The soil for strawberries should be a deep rich loam, capable of holding much moisture. Whether it be clay or sand, it should be made deep and rich by the application of a heavy dressing of manure, well rotted if possible, and plowed under to a depth of eight or ten inches. A good clover sod, well fertilized, turned under and planted to potatoes the year previous to setting the plants, will give excellent satisfaction.

If the soil is a heavy clay with a hard, tenacious subsoil, nothing will give better returns for the money invested than to go over the entire plot with a subsoil plow, following the breaking plow, thus loosening up the subsoil to a depth of 15 inches. This will furnish a reservoir for the surplus water in the spring which may be drawn on by the plants during a time of drought, which often comes when the fruit is beginning to ripen and just when an abundance of water is absolutely necessary in order to enable the fruit to develop properly and the plant to attain a good, vigorous growth. If the subsoil is of a sandy or gravelly nature, the subsoiling will not be necessary; in fact, on such land the crop is often cut short because of the looseness of the subsoil, which allows the surplus water to pass down out of reach of the plant roots. For example, the soil on our experimental plots is underlaid with coarse gravel which reaches to within a foot of the surface in places, and extends down a hundred feet or more. This season the fruit on these plots was ruined by a long and protracted drought which commenced about the middle of May and continued throughout the fruiting season, so that the yields of over 100 varieties were so unreliable that they will not be published.

The strawberry is not so sensitive on this point as most other fruits, and yet for the average amateur grower spring-set plants will give the best satisfaction, although they may be set in September if the soil is moist at the time of planting and continues moist throughout the fall months so that the plants may become well established before winter. Fall-set plants will bear some fruit the next spring, but not so much as those set the previous spring.

This is one of the most important points to keep in mind. No plant should be transplanted that is more than one year old. A plant that has borne fruit should never be used in a new bed. Select plants of the previous year's growth for transplanting, if set in the spring. Such plants may be told by the bright yellow color of the roots.

It must also be borne in mind that some of our varieties have perfect blossoms and some of them imperfect. In other words, some are capable of fertilizing their own pistils while others must depend upon other varieties for their pollen. In almost all small fruit catalogues the perfect and imperfect varieties are designated by an S or a P, indicating that the variety is staminate or perfect, or pistillate or imperfect. In planting some of both kinds should be used so as to insure a good stand of fruit.

For family use four to six varieties will be plenty. Some of those that have been thoroughly tested are Bubach (P), Clyde (S), Dunlap (S), Haverland (P), Warfield (P), Gandy (S). Warfield is the best for canning and Gandy is the best late variety that we have tested. Of more than 100 varieties grown on our experimental grounds, none have given better results than these old standard varieties, although many have equaled them in some particulars.

For general culture the rows should be three and one-half feet apart and the plants set 18 inches apart in the row. That will give plenty of room for a horse and cultivator, and the rows should always be perfectly straight and long enough to allow of horse cultivation. This will save much time and labor in keeping them free from weeds.

Some will prefer one method and some the other. The matted-row system will appeal to the busy man or the lazy man, as less labor is required in keeping the paints thinned. In hill culture the plants are not allowed to run at will, but are kept in hills of four or five plants each, all other runners are cut off and treated as weeds. If large, fine berries are wanted the hill or half matted row system is preferred; but if a large quantity of medium-sized berries will answer the purpose, and for family use they are just as good, then the matted-row system may be used.

No matter which system is practiced, it is very important that the soil should be kept well cultivated during the entire season. Nine-tenths of this work should be done with the horse, as it can be done better and with greater satisfaction than with the hoe. Keep in mind the fact that frequent stirring of the surface soil during dry weather helps very materially to conserve the soil moisture, which the plants need and must have in order to do their best. Keep off all runners the first season till the first of July in order to insure a vigorous plant, and do not allow any fruit to ripen the first season.

While the strawberry is perfectly hardy under ordinary conditions, yet it is always best to give the plants some protection during the winter. As soon as the first hard freezing weather comes, usually not before December, the entire plot should be covered with clean wheat straw to a depth of two inches. This is simply to prevent alternate freezing and thawing. In localities where snow covers the ground during the entire winter this is not so necessary. Whatever material is used for mulching it should be clean and free from weed seeds. Oat straw is very poor stuff for this purpose, because it always contains more or less seeds of various kinds which will grow and make trouble the following year. Leave this mulch on till all freezing weather is past, then remove a portion from the rows and place it between them, allowing the plants to come up through the straw. This will keep the berries clean during the ripening period. It is very important, in localities subject to late spring frosts, that the mulch be left on as long as possible in order to retard the blossoming period.

About this time certain insects, notably the strawberry leaf-rollers, will make their appearance and roll up the leaves, often destroying many of them. These insects will be at work during the ripening period, so that it is impracticable to attempt to use poisons on the plants because of the danger of poisoning the fruit. It is best, therefore, to let them alone until the fruiting season is over, then stir up the straw and scatter it all over the bed and burn over the entire patch. This should be done while a moderate wind is blowing so as not to injure the plants in the least.

This is especially important in the matted-row method as practiced, as the plants will have become so thick by that time that the berries will be small and inferior. Then, too, more or less weeds will inevitably get in, in spite of the most careful attention, so it is much more satisfactory to select a new location; it may be adjoining the old, and start a new bed every two years. This method of rotation will also have a tendency to prevent the attacks of certain insects.

New varieties of strawberries, like all of our other cultivated fruits, are produced from the seeds. This is more or less of a lottery, as no two seeds will produce the same kind of varieties, even though they should come from the same fruit. This makes the growing of seedlings a most interesting feature of the work, mainly because of its uncertainty; and owing to this fact this part of the business is usually left to those who have plenty of time as well as means, as the chances of success are more or less remote. The operation is, however, very simple. Select some of the earliest and largest berries from the most promising plants and wash out the seeds. Then select a clean, mellow soil, and after scattering the seeds thinly, cover them lightly with soil and press down with a board so as to bring the soil into close contact with the seeds. Cover the bed with brush or with a lath screen, so as to protect the bed from the hot sun. Pull out all the weeds with the hand so as not to disturb the young plants. Some of the seeds will, very likely, not germinate till the next season. Protect them during the winter, and the next spring the young plants may be taken up and transplanted, numbering each plant so that a complete record may be kept. The second season these plants should bear fruit, when the process of elimination will begin and continue for two or three years. If one or two per cent of these plants produce fruit that is better in most respects than those already in cultivation the experimenter may consider himself fortunate.

ANSWERS BY A VETERINARIAN

Liver Disease.

Some of our pregnant ewes have died, and on opening them we have found their livers rotten. The liver looks to be soft, light in color and tears easily when handled. The ewes have been well fed on hay and corn. They go outdoors when the weather is good enough, and have a warm stable for shelter. Can you tell me how to prevent this disease? It is common here each winter.—M. K., Minnesota.

Reply—This is an exceedingly common condition in pregnant ewes that are pampered and overfed unsuitable rations. We see it most in adult ewes carrying second lambs, and especially in such as are fed corn and hay or corn fodder. It is much less common where mixed clover and timothy hay are fed and where oats, bran and cake are the concentrated foods in place of corn. It would seem that the liver is given too much work to do in such cases, and that it breaks down under the strain, and so imperfectly performs its function that the sheep succumbs. In some instances the membranes of the eyes are seen to be yellowish in color and the skin has a dirty, yellow look, instead of being a healthy pink color. There is no cure when the disease has advanced. It is easily prevented by making the sheep live an outdoor life as much as possible during pregnancy, and only sheltering them from cold, snow and wet. Also the rations should be changed, giving oats and bran in place of corn, and mixed clover hay in place of timothy hay and corn fodder. Roots or alfalfa should also be fed.

Lameness.

Have a horse 15 years old that had soft tendons on the front feet for two years and is very lame at present. Please inform me what I can do for him. Have been advised to try firing. What do you think of same? Please answer and oblige J. DeYoung, Route 2, Station D, Box 74, Milwaukee, Wis.

Reply—Line firing done by a skilled veterinarian and followed by blistering would be the correct treatment in such a case. If you cannot have this done clip the hair from back tendons from knee to feet and then blister with cerate of cantharides at intervals of three or four weeks. If both fore legs are affected blister one at a time at an interval of a week or ten days. It may be that the lameness is really located in the feet, and in that case we would suspect founder, corns or navicular disease. If the feet are the seat of the trouble they will be stuck out in front of the horse while he is standing still or starts to walk.

Cut Teat.

A cow's teat was nearly cut through by a barb wire, and the milk comes from the wounded place, now that most of it is healed. How can the hole be closed so that the milk will not flow from it and so cause bother at milking time? The cow is dry at present, but will find a calf in April. —J. K., Illinois.

Reply—After cleansing the teat with a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate the old wound should be rimmed out with a clean, sharp scalpel right down to the milk duct. Then the bleeding wound should be cleansed, dusted with iodoform and a strip of surgeon's plaster put on as a bandage, which may be removed in ten days.

Brittle Hoofs.

One of our horsese has such brittle hoofs that the nails won't hold. The hoofs are hard and dry and do not grow down well. Can anything be applied to help toughen the horn?—B. N., Illinois.

Reply—Mix together two parts of oil of tar and one part oil of balsam of fir, and use as a paint once daily, applying it at the juncture of hair and horn. This tends to toughen the hoofs so that they will hold nails. If the hoofs do not grow down well in six weeks or so, then clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister every two weeks with cerate of cantharides. When not being blistered turn the horse out on a damp pasture, which will help to soften the hoofs.

Tapeworm of Dog.

A little rat terrier we own has fits of pain and indigestion and passes small white flat objects which we take to be pieces of tapeworm. How can we get rid of these? The dog is losing flesh and doing poorly in every way.—N. M. L., Missouri.

Reply—Tapeworms cause disturbances such as you describe and the segments seen in the passages confirm the suspicion that tapeworm is present. Starve the dog for 18 hours or more; then weigh him and give one and one-half grains of freshly powdered areca nut in cream or milk for each one pound of light weight. Follow with a smart purge of castor oil in two or three hours. A few drops of turpentine may be added to the dose of oil. The treatment has to be repeated whenever the dog shows that the first treatment has not fully removed the pest. Santonin also is an effective remedy. It is given in two to four grain doses once daily to a small dog and is followed by a purgative once a week. Do not soon repeat the dose if the first one causes great disturbance and when this medicine is given again give a less dose than the first.

WINCHESTER

THE W BRAND
TRADE MARK
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REVOLVER AND PISTOL CARTRIDGES.

Winchester Revolver and Pistol cartridges in all calibers prove their superiority by the targets they make. Shoot them and you'll find they are

ACCURATE, CLEAN, SURE

Pseudo Luxation of Patella.

A 2-year-old colt that has been growing finely has commenced to drag one of his legs and each time it moves there is a sort of clicking noise in the joint next to the belly. He has been well fed on good hay and straw all winter and now and then he has had a feed of oats and corn. He is a tall, big-boned fellow, but not fat. There is no way in which I can think of that he got hurt. Any advice you can give us as to the right way to treat this colt will be gladly received, as horses are valuable and we don't want to lose him.—M. G., Oklahoma.

Reply—The patella of stifle joints slips out and in as the colt walks. When the patella is completely out of place the hind leg is thrust backward, with the hock joint in almost a straight line. There is semi-dislocation of the patella (knee cap or pan) in the case described and the cause is weakness of the ligaments and muscles of the joint. Feed the colt on oats and bran along with mixed hay every day. Irregular feeding of oats is injurious. Tie colt up short in a narrow stall so that he cannot lie down. Put a collar around his neck and from it run a strap or rope between fore legs and attach its free end to a hobble fastened around the pastern of affected leg so as to keep the foot of that leg well advanced under the body. Fastened in this way the patella cannot slip out of place. Then clip the hair from the stifle joint and blister with cerate of cantharides. If necessary repeat the blister in six weeks.

QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

Cattle Like Rape.

"Have a 40-acre field of clover which I intend to pasture with horses, cattle and hogs. It has a few bare spots on it which I intend to sow with rape. I know rape is all right for hogs, but how about cattle and horses? Will you please advise me in your columns?"

To succeed with rape in the pasture referred to it will be advisable to prepare the bare patches thoroughly and seed to rape as early in the spring as possible, keeping the horses, cattle and hogs off the pasture until the rape gets large enough for use. I can find no record of experimental work in the pasturing off of rape by horses. Some experience has been recorded in feeding it off with cattle, and, of course, it is known to be admirable for sheep and hogs. Its use with cattle is undoubtedly safe where they are accustomed to it gradually and not allowed to fill up on it when they are empty. You understand, of course, that there is some danger from bloat with rape unless caution is used in starting them on it. There will be less danger, of course, where oher grasses are accessible.

Hull Barley Yields Most.

"I notice in some of our agricultural papers mention of a white hull-less barley that makes an extra hog feed to feed off in the field. We are in the stock business, feeds are high and we try to grow all we can of the different kinds in this climate. We would like to know if there is such a barley and how it does on good, dark loam—black walnut land. We have some first-class creek bottom land that does not overflow. I infer it is soft and easy for the stock to grind and free from those long beards."

I am informed by the agronomy department of the Illinois experiment station that it has tested a white hull-less barley on one of their experimental fields in the northern part of the state, and that while it is beardless and soft, as you suggest, and doubtless would be excellent for hogs, it does not seem to yield as well as some of the better-bearded varieties. In addition to this I had occasion to look up this matter some time ago and at that time the impression was, as it is now, that these hull-less barleys do not yield as well as the bearded varieties.

Wheat Bran Too Costly at $25.

"Will it pay to feed wheat bran at $25 per ton to cattle on full feed of corn and clover hay? Would cotton seed meal be preferable to the wheat bran for the last 30 or 40 days' feeding?"

It is doubtful whether wheat bran would prove profitable at the price you name as a supplement to a ration of corn and clover hay for fattening cattle. This would depend, however, somewhat upon the age and condition of the cattle. The younger and thinner the cattle were the more likely would profit follow from its use. Cotton seed meal would be preferable to bran for the last 30 or 40 days' feeding. In fact, with plenty of good roughage like clover hay, wheat bran is rather too bulky to be used to good advantage for fattening purposes, except as stated above.

Crude Fiber Not Nutritious.

Crude fiber is nature's filled in feed; it is of little value for nutrition. The manufacturer of commercial feedstuffs' guarantee on fiber should be the maximum to be expected, while for protein and fat the guarantee should be the minimum.

Cold Pressed Meal Low Grade.

"I have been thinking of purchasing some cold pressed cottonseed meal for fattening steers and would like your opinion in regard to its merits. Do you consider it equal to old process oilmeal? I am feeding the cattle shock corn and a little clover hay for roughage, but would like to discontinue using the clover hay, as I would like to keep it to feed in the spring when the fodder is gone."

Cold pressed cottonseed meal, is of course, manufactured from cold pressed cake, so called because the cottonseed oil is expressed by pressure and not by the use of steam and chemical solvents. I am told that this is a comparatively low grade of cottonseed meal. At any rate it is said to contain a considerable quantity of hulls and some fiber. There is some difference, too, in the brands of cold pressed cake, as some samples seem to carry more oil than others. This product is sometimes referred to as caddo cake and it has been analyzed both by the Nebraska station chemist and the Texas experiment station. You will note that there is considerable variation in these analyses, which would indicate that the product varies to a considerable extent, and while one brand might prove to be quite equal to old-process cottonseed meal another might prove unsatisfactory.

Nebraska Station Analysis.

	Per cent.
Moisture	10.32
Fat	6.14
Crude fiber	22.37
Crude protein	32.85
Ash	4.43
Nitrogen free extract	23.89

Texas Analysis.

Protein	26.42
Fat	5.61
Crude fiber	24.67
Nitrogen free extract	30.95

The average composition of cottonseed meal is as follows:

Protein	37.20
Carbohydrates	16.90
Ether extract	12.20

From these analyses you will see that cold pressed cake is lower in both protein and fat content than cotton seed meal, and these constituents are both important factors. The only direct comparison that has been made, to my knowledge, of cold pressed cottonseed meal and standard cottonseed meal was made at the Louisiana station, and is reported in bulletin No. 110. I quote from the conclusions in that bulletin:

"Cold pressed cottonseed cake is not as valuable for milk and butter production as an equal weight of choice cottonseed meal and hulls mixed in the proportion of two parts of meal to one part of hulls. The analysis of cold pressed cake is a reliable indication of its feeding value."

Precaution in Breeding.

"We have the Jersey bull King Rex of St. John of the Beloader herd, and we are thinking of breeding to a few outside cows, but I did not want to do it till I found out what would be the best wash to use after service. Can you give me this information, and if not, refer this letter to the proper party for this information, as I don't like to serve him to outside cows till I know?"

We can recommend for this use a solution of lysol and warm water, 1 to 10 parts in strength. In case this material cannot be had a solution of the same strength of carbolic acid will answer the purpose. Application should be made immediately after service, and in infected herds before service also. This is best done by means of a foot pump and hose with a wooden nozzle on the end made especially for the purpose. The nozzle should be entered into the end of the sheath and held so that the pressure from the pump will force the disinfectant to the extreme parts. The solution should remain in contact with all parts for about one minute.

Corn and Peas for Silo.

"Will some one please tell me at what stage of ripening corn and cow peas and other material should be put in the silo? Can cow peas be put in and taken out of the silo without using a feed cutter? What is the best winter feed for butter?"

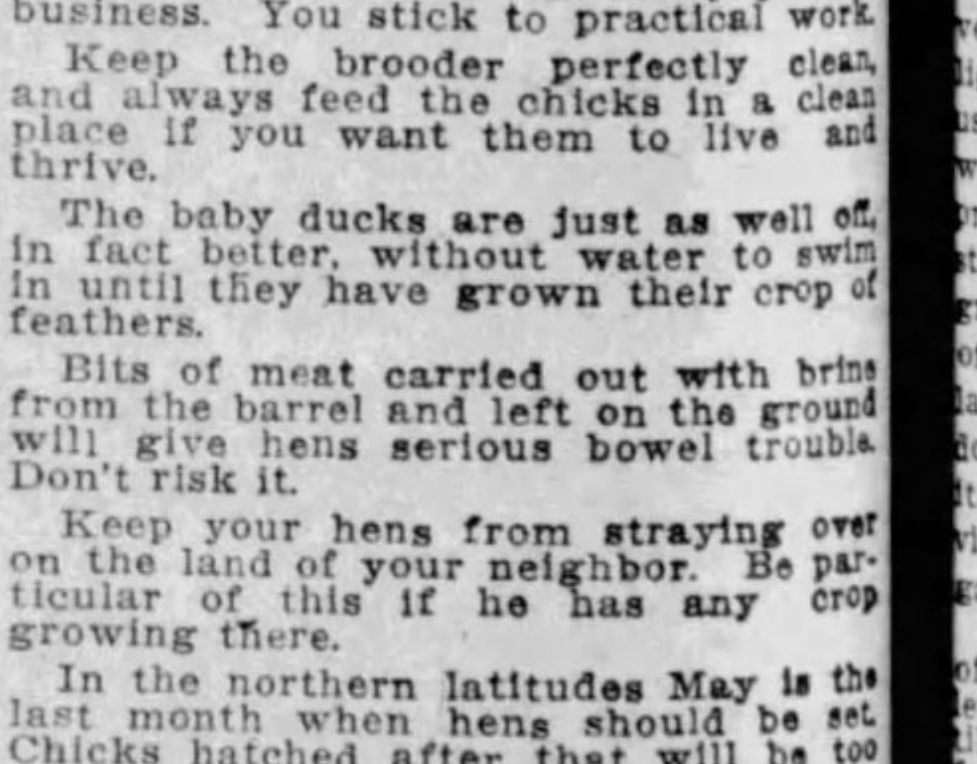
Corn should be harvested for the silo at approximately the same stage of development that it would be if it were to be shocked for subsequent husking. Most men agree that the most practical method of using cow peas for silage is to grow the corn and cow peas together, harvesting both when the corn is ready, cutting with an ensilage machine the same time as the silo is being filled. It is extremely difficult to harvest cow peas and cut them for silage by themselves, while if they are planted along with the corn there is less difficulty. The cow peas are, of course, considerable of a nuisance where a corn binder is used for cutting the corn. I do not see, though, how you could conveniently or economically put the cow peas in the silo without the use of a cutter. I would suggest a medium variety of cow peas for Illinois conditions. Doubtless the most economical ration for dairy cows under existing conditions is corn ensilage and a small amount of cottonseed meal or clover or alfalfa hay.

Feeding Value of Sweet Corn.

"What is the comparative value of sweet corn and ordinary field corn for the feding of stock for fattening purposes or dairy cows? Also pea vines?"

The principal advantage of sweet corn fodder over ordinary field corn, either for fattening purposes or feeding of dairy cows, lies in the fact that if planted early it becomes available earlier in the fall for soiling purposes. It is greatly liked by cattle. A few stations have conducted experiments to determine the relative amount of digestible nutrients in equal areas of ordinary field corn and sweet corn, and it has been conclusively proved that more digestible nurtients can be produced with ordinary field corn than with the sweet corn.

Pea vines are relished by fattening cattle, by sheep and by dairy cows and furnish desirable variety in the ration.



YOUNG CELERY PLANTS ARE TENDER.

Celery is usually started from seed in the hothouse and transplanted several times, gradually hardening them to the condition of the garden soil. A new method of bleaching celery is to set the plants so close together that the process of bleaching is done automatically, no boards being required.

THE POULTRY YARD

May Farm Journal.

Let other folks do the fancy poultry business. You stick to practical work.

Keep the brooder perfectly clean, and always feed the chicks in a clean place if you want them to live and thrive.

The baby ducks are just as well off, in fact better, without water to swim in until they have grown their crop of feathers.

Bits of meat carried out with brine from the barrel and left on the ground will give hens serious bowel trouble. Don't risk it.

Keep your hens from straying over on the land of your neighbor. Be particular of this if he has any crop growing there.

In the northern latitudes May is the last month when hens should be set. Chicks hatched after that will be too late for laying next fall.

Give the houses a good cleaning, and plow or spade up the yards. Dirty houses breed vermin, and polluted soils are incubators for the gape worm.

Give the turkey hen and her brood a coop large enough for the mother to move about and stand erect in, and you won't be so apt to have bad luck.

Guinea fowls will now be laying, and a watch must be kept on their nests, as it is their nature to hide them. The eggs had better be hatched by hens.

It's annoying, perhaps, just about supper time, to save to stop to wash dirty eggs when the hen breaks one, but this is a task that must not be put off until tomorrow.

If fowls must run at large on range or over a farm, by all means keep one breed, and give them all the time, knowledge and attention possible. You will have something of which you may be proud and that will profit you financially as well.

Because hens are out on the land now do not therefore think they do not need shells and such things. They may not be able to find a bit of that kind of food in all their travels. A shortage here is apt to mean a shortage in eggs with good shells on them.

Sick Headache

"I have been a frequent sufferer from sick headache for years, yet never would use headache tablets. My son persuaded me to use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills during one of these attacks, and to my surprise it gave me speedy relief."

MRS. LOUISE LEWELLYN,
Powell, S. D.

When the disturbance which causes headache affects the nerves at the base of the brain, which connect with the large nerves that run to the stomach, heart and lungs, it frequently causes headache with vomiting—sick headache.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills soothe the irritated brain nerves and the cause of pain is removed.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

HAYNER'S GREAT SPECIAL OFFER!

Read it—Take Advantage of it NOW!

We want to add your name to our list of patrons. We want to place some of our very finest Whiskey before you—so you may KNOW how rich, pure and delicious it is—and may appreciate how much you save by our plan of selling Direct From Distillery to you. And to induce you to send us your order NOW—we make you this special offer.

3 Quarts Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey, at 80 cents a quart.
1 Quart Hayner Fine—Old W. S. K.—Straight Whiskey, at $1.30 a quart.
4 Quarts for $3.70

HAYNER Patent Combination LOCK STOPPER and SIDEBOARD DECANTER FREE with each order.

DIRECT from DISTILLERY—EXPRESS CHARGES PAID

OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND DISTINCT. When the goods arrive, open one, two or all the bottles—give the whiskey a good, fair trial—examine the Lock Stopper and Decanter and put them to the test—and if not found exactly as we represent—you may send back the goods at our expense and your $3.70 will be returned by first mail.

HAYNER'S PATENT COMBINATION LOCK STOPPER is exactly as shown in the illustration. It is fitted with a dial like the combination on a safe—locks into the bottle and cannot be withdrawn by any one who does not know the combination. It is a safeguard against anyone tampering with your whiskey. The Decanter is in cut-glass pattern—bears no label or other advertising, and is an ornament to any sideboard.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TODAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

On account of the high express rates, orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Wash. or Wyo. must call for $4.50 express prepaid.

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Send small bottle of your morning urine. I will make analysis and forward opinion of case free. If tired of being experimented upon by physicians who guess at your disease, consult a water doctor. Interesting 68-page book free. Mailing case for urine furnished on receipt of 2c stamp. Dr. C. D. Shafer, 140 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, O.

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ABOUT INSOMNIA

A Spot on the Wall May Make You Sleep.

H. Addington Bruce, in the Delineator.

Some months ago a friend informed me that he was a great sufferer from sleeplessness. He had experimented with all manner of remedies—baths, drugs, exercise, dieting—but could find no relief.

"How about the 'spot on the wall' cure?" I asked him.

"I haven't heard of that. What is it?"

"It's very simple," I told him, "yet very efficacious. I presume that some light from the street lamp or the moon usually gets into your bedroom? Well, where it strikes the wall you will be pretty sure to find spots that seem to stand out vividly from the dark background. Select one of these patches of brightness, one preferably not much larger than a silver dollar. Settle down comfortably in such a way that it will be within easy range of your vision without straining to see it. Then gaze at it steadily.

"Do not, however, try to stare it out of countenance, so to speak. Instead, let the muscles of your eyes relax until the spot appears to have a confused outline. At the same time, if possible, think of nothing but the one idea: 'I am going to sleep!'

"Before long, your eyes will begin to feel tired, and they will gradually close. Open them, and once more gaze at the spot on the wall. Again they will close. Again open them. Presently you will find it impossible to open them and the next instant you will be asleep."

Recently I again met him, and found him full of enthusiasm.

"That was a splendid scheme," he said "I sleep like a top nowadays—am asleep almost as soon as I touch the pillow. But I can't for the life of me understand why that should have worked when everything else failed."

It "worked" for the reason that I had succeeded in lodging in his mind the idea that it would work. Chronic insomnia, such as my friend suffered from, is in many cases nothing more than a habit, and may accurately be described as the result of a frame of mind. It is distinctly a psychical rather than a physical malady.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic
FREE to Every Man or Woman

Dr. Young's PEPTOPADS cure where medicines alone fail. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, and strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach in either sex. You can eat what you want and all you want without fear of distress. The cures effected are marvelous. If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache, etc., send 10c to cover cost of mailing, and I will send you a $1.00 treatment absolutely free. It will relieve you immediately. Address DR. G. C. YOUNG, 42 National Bank Building, Jackson, Michigan.

A Notable Coincidence

IN THE middle '80s Thomas A. Edison took a house in Gramercy Park, where he found himself very well situated for the leisure which he always enjoys, being by nature a reposeful man and not the grinding dynamo that people so often fancy him.

Few things suit better the mood of idleness than to poke aimlessly around an old house that has its legible traces and signs of human occupancy, and thus one day Edison found himself in the garret of the house, where some old furniture had been stored.

Opening one of the drawers he saw a flat, oblong book labeled "Daily Journal." To his great astonishment, says the Metropolitan, this proved to be nothing less than an original diary kept by Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the system of telegraphy which bears his name.

The entries belonged to a brief but interesting period of his life, the year 1848, supplemented by transcripts of important correspondence dated back as far as 1843, when the electro-magnetic telegraph system was being constructed between Washington and Baltimore.

Edison put the book away carefully and took it with him when he established himself at his present country home in New Jersey. He has now placed it in the hands of the American Institute of Electric Engineers with this comment in his accompanying letter of July 22, 1909:

"As this appears to me to be a matter of great scientific and public interest, I feel that this journal should be placed where it may be accessible to others, and I therefore take much pleasure in forwarding the same herewith in the presenting it to your institute, in the hope that it may be deemed worthy of receiving a place among the mementos of the telegraphic art in your library."

That Edison himself, the great telegraph inventor of our own age, who stands next in line to Franklin and Morse as master of the electrical forces, should have chanced thus casually on such a lost relic of his predecessor is to say the least a notable coincidence.

The Wrights' Concession.

New York Tribune.

The contract just entered into by the Aero club and the Wright brothers in regard to the international aviation meeting to be held in this country next fall needs no defense. On several occasions the Dayton inventors have shown a legitimate desire to protect themselves from infringement of their patents That was the meaning of their suit against the Herring-Curtiss Co. and of their application for an injunction to prevent Paulhan's use of certain foreign machines. It seemed altogether likely that they would resort to judicial means to embarrass other aviators who might engage in the proposed contest in America, provided, of course, that in the meantime the courts did not decide that their claims were partly or wholly unwarranted. Consistency demanded that they should say to the Aero club, under whose auspices the meeting is to be held, that they would not agree in advance to abstain from interference. A compromise was reached, therefore, by which the club is left at liberty to go ahead with its arrangements, but which makes it obligatory on participants to take out licenses from the Wrights.

After all, the concession made by the Ohio aviators is really a graceful one. They are not showmen or sporting men, and they have little or no sympathy with races for prizes. In this matter the Wrights exhibit their amiability, not for the first time. They were reluctant to come to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, and yielded to persuasion largely because of their good nature. When Paulhan was planning to fly at Jamaica they agreed to a suspension of the temporary injunction which had been granted them. Had they insisted on the prohibition the law authorized them to to impose they would have been entirely within their rights. To permit the Frenchman to earn a little more money and to allow the public an entertainment to which it was not legally entitled was a favor which many men under the same circumstances would not have granted.

UNDERGROUND WATER SUPPLY

How the Snow of the Himalayas Feeds India Deserts.

Times of India.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies existing beneath deserts.

In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand, and depends on these hidden cistens for its very existence.

Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalaya must be the source.

People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination and we shall look with interest for further investigations.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

RULERS OF NATIONS

Please publish the names of the rulers of the foreign nations.—P. F., Vestaburg, Mich.

The rulers of the various nations who bear the title of emperor are of Abyssinia, Menelik II.; of Austria-Hungary, Francis Joseph; of China, Pu-yi (Hsuantung); Germany, William II.; Empire of India, Edward; Korea, Choek, and Russia, Nicholas II.

The kings are Duy Tan, of Annam; Albert, of Belgium; Frederick VIII., of Denmark; William II., of Prussia; Otto, of Bavaria; Frederick Augustus III., of Saxony; William II., of Wurttemburg; Edward VII., of Great Britain and Ireland; George, of Greece; Victor Emmanuel III., of Italy; Haakon VII., of Norway; Manuel II., of Portugal; Charles, of Roumania; Peter, of Servia; Khoulalonkorn, of Siam; Alphonso XIII., of Spain, and Gustaf V., of Sweden.

The grand dukes are Frederick II., of Baden; Ernst Louis V., of Hesse; Frederick Francis IV., of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Adolphus Frederick, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Frederick Augustus, of Odenburg; William Ernest, of Saxe-Weimar, and William, of Luxembourg.

The dukes are Frederick II., of Anhalt; Charles Edward, of Saxe-Coburg, and Gotha and George II., of Saxe-Meiningen.

The princes are Frederick, of Waldeck-Pyrmont; Albert, of Monaco, and Nicholas, of Montenegro.

The sultans are Muley Hafid, of Morocco; Seyyid Feysal bin Turkee, of Oman; Mohammed V., of Turkey, and Seyyid Ali, of Zanzibar.

Habibulla Khan and Seid Abdul Ahad are the ameers of Afghanistan and Bokhara respectively. Ferdinand is czar of Bulgaria, Albert of Belgium is sovereign of the Congo Free State, Abbas Pacha is khedive of Egypt, Johann Albrecht is regent of Brunswick, Mutsuhito is mikado of Japan, Seid Mohomed Rahim is kahn of Khiva, Surendra Bikram Shamsher Jang is maharaja of Nepal, Wilhelmina is queen of the Netherlands, Ahmed Mirza is shah of Persia, and Mohamed en Nasir is bey of Tunis.

The president of Bolivia is Eliodoro Villazon; of Brazil, Nito Pecanha; Chile, Pedro Montt; Colombia, Ramon Gonzales Valencia; Costa Rica, Ricardo Jimminez; Cuba, Jose Miguel Gomez; Dominican Republic, Ramon Caceres; Ecuador, Elloy Alfaro; Guatemala, Manuel Estrada Cabrera; Hayti, Antoine Simon; Honduras, Miguel R. Davila; Nicaragua, Jose Madriz; Panama, Jose D. de Obaldia; Paraguay, E. Gonzales Navero; Peru, A. B. Leguia; Salvdor, Fernando Figueroa; Uruguay, Claudio Williman; Venezuela, Juan Vincente Gomez; Argentine republic, Jose Figueroa Alcorta; France, Armand Fallieres; Liberia, Arthur Barclay; Mexico, General Porfirio Diaz; Switzerland, M. Comtesse, and the United States, William Howard Taft.

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

Please give the salaries aof the president, vice president, United States senators and representatives, speaker of the lower house and the judges of the supreme court.—M. E. L., Reedsville, West Virginia.

The salary of the president of this country is $75,000 per year; of the vice-president, $12,000; of the senators and representatives, $7,500; the speaker of the house, $12,000; the chief justice of the United States supreme court, $13,000; and the associate justices, $12,500.

PICTURED ROCKS

Will you please tell what you can concerning the pictured rocks of Lake Superior?—W. W. S., New Lexington, O.

On the southern shore of Lake Superior, and some 70 miles west of Whitefish Point, and a short distance east of Munesing, are the famous pictured rocks. These may be described as a series of sandstone bluffs, rising in many places abruptly out of the water, to a height varying from 50 to 200 feet. Two features impart to the scenery its remarkable appearance; the one, the strange style of the cliff excavations, worn away by the action of the lake, and the other the quite as strange way the large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant colors. To the first is to be ascribed the name Les Portails, given the rocks by the French voyageurs, and to the many hues which the series of bluffs hold so boldly is to be traced the American name of Pictured Rocks. It is not now known when this term was first applied to them. The denuding effects of the water upon these cliffs are shown for a distance of about five miles along the shore. There is no beach, the cliffs rising vertically out of the water. In visiting the rocks, two ways are taken, by passing them in a steamer, and in taking a boat at some of the nearest points, as Munsing; the steamers run near enough in good weather for tourists to obtain a passing view. In going from east to west we notice a few of the most important objects. The Chapel is a vaulted apartment in the rock, 30 or 40 feet above the lake level; an arched roof of sandstone rests on four columns of rock so as to leave an apartment about 40 feet in diameter and the same in length; within are a pulpit and altar. West a short distance of the Chapel is Chapel river, which falls over a rocky ledge 15 feet high into the lake. The Grand Portal is the most imposing feature of the series; it is 100 feet high by 168 broad at the water level, and the cliff it is cut in rises above the arch, making the whole height 185 feet; the great cave, entered through the Portal, extends back in the shape of a vaulted room, the arches of the roof built of yellow limestone, and the sides fretted into fantastic shapes by storm-driven waves. About a mile west is Sail Rock, a group of detached rocks which bear a resemblance to the mainsail and jib of a sloop; the height of this is about 40 feet. Miner's Castle, five miles west of the Chapel, and just west of Miner's river, is the western end of the Pictured Rocks, and resembles an old turreted castle with an arched portal; the height of the advanced mass in which the gothic gateway may be recognized is about 70 feet and the height of the main wall forming the background is 140 feet. In regard to another part of the Pictured Rocks, a writer says: "In one place there stands a majestic profile looking toward the north—a woman's face, the 'Empress of the Lakes.' It is the pleasure of her royal highness to visit the rock only by night, a Diana of the new world. In the daytime search is vain; she will not reveal herself; but when the low-down moon shines across the water, behold, she appears! She looks to the north, not sadly, not sternly, like the Old Man of the White Mountain, but benign of aspect, and so beautiful in her rounded, womanly curves, then the late watcher falls into the dream of Endymion; but when he wakes in the gray dawn he finds her gone, and only a shapeless rock glistens in the rays of the rising sun."

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THE BEST REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and LaGrippe.
A reliable preparation for both internal and external use that gives quick relief to the sufferer. Applied externally it stops all aches and pains. Taken internally it dissolves the poisonous substance and assists nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by druggists. One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality.
J. C. BENSON, Sardis, Tenn., writes: "Your "5-DROPS" has cured my wife of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and I want to say that it is worth one hundred dollars a bottle instead of only one dollar."
FREE TRIAL WRITE FOR SAMPLE
WRITE TO-DAY for a trial bottle of "5-Drops" and test it yourself. We will gladly send it to you postpaid, absolutely free.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 30 174 Lake Street, Chicago

THE NORSEMEN

Please give a brief history of the Norsemen.—G. H. S., Woodville, Ga.

The history of the Norwegians, or Norsemen, only becomes authentic with the introduction of Christianity at the close of the tenth century; all previous to this date is a compound of legend, mythology and doubtful history. Enough is known, however, of these hardy sea-kings to make it certain that they were the most intrepid voyagers of their day; in the ninth and tenth centuries the breaks of their long ships were seen in every known port of Europe as far south as the Golden Horn, and they explored others until then unknown. Colonies were planted in Iceland, Greenland and Normandy; their armed aid could be secured by every ruler who could afford to pay them; they were the wolves of the high seas, and the neighboring coasts of England for more than three centuries suffered from their piratical forages. In 986 A. D., a Norseman named Herjulfson, who was voyaging from Iceland to Greenland, was driven by a gale far out of his reckoning to the west. A bold, rugged coast line was seen several times, probably that of Newfoundland or Labrador, but no landing was effected. That the account of this adventure was related, with sundry embellishments, on their return to Iceland, we may well believe. In the year 1000, Lief Ericsson, bearing in mind the tale told by his predecessor, set out with the avowed object of testing the truth of his report. He also, in the spring of the year 1001 reached Labrador, landed, and found the country far superior to his own rugged Iceland. "Southward he went," says Mr. Ridpath, "as far as Massachusetts, where the daring company of Norsemen remained for more than a year. Rhode Island was also visited; and it is alleged that the hardy adventurers found their way into New York harbor." Other parties followed in the ensuing years. Thorwald, a brother of Lief Ericsson, sailed to Maine and Massachusetts in 1002; he is said to have died at Fall River in Massachusetts. In 1067 Thorwald Karlsfene, who was the most intrepid sailor of his day, planted colonies in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. But their curiosity was soon appeased, and one by one the colonies dissolved; there was no glory in fighting a few naked savages, and Vinland, as the new discovery had been called, was once more left untrodden by the white man. It is said that a desultory communication was kept up with America during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but of this there is no certainty. True it is, however, that the Norsemen had no conception that they had discovered a new continent; they imagined that Vinland was but a continuation of the coast of Greenland trending south and west. Norse remains have been discovered at Newport and other points, which seem to indicate the truth of some such event as those narrated above; an additional confirmation is given them by the fact that Norse historians give tolerably consistent accounts of Eric's discovery. Certain it is, however, that in the fifteenth century all recollections of what had been achieved in the western hemisphere four centuries previously had been lost.

GOVERNORS OF THE STATES

Will you kindly give a list of the governors of the states of the United States?—E. F., Clifton, Tenn.

The governors of the different states are as follows: Alabama, Braxton B. Comer; Alaska, Walter E. Clark; Arizona, Richard E. Sloan; Arkansas, George W. Donaghey; California, James N. Gillett; Colorado, John F. Shafroth; Connecticut, Frank B. Weeks; Delaware, Simeon S. Pennewill; Florida, Albert W. Gilchrist; Georgia, Joseph M. Brown; Hawaii, Walter F. Frear; Idaho, James H. Brady; Illinois, Charles S. Dineen; Indiana, Thomas R. Marshall; Iowa, Beryl F. Carroll; Kansas, Walter R. Stubbs; Kentucky, Augustus E. Willson; Louisiana, Jared Y. Sanders; Maine, Bert M. Fernald; Maryland, Austin L. Crothers; Massachusetts, Eben S. Draper; Michigan, Fred M. Warner; Minnesota, Adolph O. Eberhart; Mississippi, Edwin F. Noel, Missouri, Herbert S. Hadley, Montana, Edwin L. Norris; Nebraska, Ashton C. Shallenberger; Nevada, D. S. Dickerson; New Hampshire, Henry M. Quinby; New Jersey, John Franklin Fort; New Mexico, William J. Mills; New York, Charles E. Hughes; North Carolina, W. W. Kitchin; North Dakota, John Burke; Ohio, Judson Harmon; Oklahoma, Charles N. Haskell; Oregon, Frank W. Benson; Pennsylvania, Edwin S. Stuart; Porto Rico, George R. Colton; Rhode Island, Aaron J. Pothier; South Carolina, Martin F. Ansel; South Dakota, R. S. Vessey; Tennessee, Malcolm R. Patterson; Texas, Thomas M. Campbell; Utah, William Spry; Vermont, George H. Prouty; Virginia, William Hodges Mann; Washington, M. E. Hay; West Virginia, William E. Glasscock; Wisconsin, James O. Davidson; Wyoming, Bryant B. Brooks.

LUCY W. W. HAYES

Please give a sketch of the life of the wife of President Hayes of the United States. — J. F. M., St. James, Mich.

Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, the wife of President Hayes, was born August 28, 1831, and died June 25, 1889. She was the daughter of Doctor James Webb. Lucy Webb was educated at the Wesleyan Female college in Cincinnati, and first met her future husband while at Delaware Sulphur Springs, during a vacation. She was married to Mr. Hayes December 20, 1852. She was with him during the civil war as much as possible, caring for him when wounded, and doing all in her power for the sick and wounded soldiers. At the White House she entertained frequently and was present at all the public functions. She would not permit wine to be served at the White House table, even on state occasions, which called forth considerable comment, but she was upheld by advocates of temperance and total abstinence, who presented her with numerous testimonials Mrs. Hayes was amiable, sincere, a devout Christian, a generous friend, and a devoted wife and mother.

GOVERNMENT WHITEWASH

Will not the Question Bureau please tell me how to make whitewash of the same kind as that used by the government?—J. R. L., Muncy, Pa.

Slack one-half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painter's or whitewash brushes. Coloring may be put in and made of any shade. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. Finely pulverized common clay will make a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but crome goes farther and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. The darkness of the shades is determined by the quantity of the coloring used. Green must not be mixed with lime.

POLAND

I would like to have the Question Bureau please tell what it can about the country of Poland.—S. A. C., Ida, Mich.

Poland, a former kingdom of Europe, renowned in medieval history as the sole champion of Christendom against the Turks, and an object of general and profound sympathy throughout western Europe, from its unprecedented misfortunes—was immediately previous to its dismemberment, bounded on the north by the Baltic sea, from Danzig to Riga, and by the Russian provinces of Riga and Pakov; on the east by the Russian provinces of Amalensk, Tchernigov, Pultava and Kherson; on the south by Bessarabia, Moldavia, and the Carpathian mountains; and on the west by the Prussian provinces of Silesia, Bradenburg and Pomerania. Its greatest length from north to south was 713 English miles, and from east to west 693 miles, embracing an area of about 282,000 English square miles; an area which had a population of 24,000,000. This extensive tract form part of the great central European plains, and is crossed by only one range of hills, which springs from the north side of the Carpathians and runs northwest through the country forming the water shed between the Baltic and Black sea rivers. The soil is a light fertile loam. well adapted for the serial crops, though here and there occur extensive tracts of barren sand, heath and swamp, especially in the east districts. The kingdom of Poland during the period of its greatest extent, after the cession of the grand duchy of Lithuania, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was subdivided for purposes of government into about 40 polatinates or voivodies, which was mostly governed by hereditary chiefs. The people were divided into two great classes—nobles and serfs. The nobles were chivalrous, high spirited and patriotic; the serfs who had also a stake, though a small one, in the independence of the country, were patriotic and good natured, but sluggish. The Poles were ethnologically a branch of the slaves. The name appears first in history as a designation of a tribe, the Paloni, who dwelt between the Oder and Vistula, surrounded by the kindred tribes of the Masovu, Rujavu, Chrobates, Silevians, Obotrites and others. In course of time the Polani acquired an ascendency over the other tribes, most of whom became amalgamated with the ruling race, whose name thus became the general designation. Polish historians profess to go back as far as the fourth century; but the list of rulers which they give are probably those of separate tribes, and not of the combined race now known as Poles.

FILTERING

Will you please tell whether it is possible and how to filter rain water?—A. G. F., Bowen, Ill.

A good filter may be easily made. Take a common cask and put in two false bottoms near the center about seven inches apart. The bottoms must fit in perfectly air tight, but perforated with one-fourth inch holes. The lower bottom should be covered with canvas, and above that a sheet of cotton wadding; above the wadding is a bed of perfectly clean sand, three inches deep. The sand should be covered over with flannel, and above the flannel should be a bed of granulated charcoal (sifted and fanned free from the dust) four inches in depth. After having done this fit in the upper false bottom and cover it with a piece of cotton cloth. In the top of the cask fit a moderately deep bag of canton flannel, shaped like a funnel, to prevent the water from coming with too much force upon the upper false bottom. At the bottom of the cask place a faucet to draw off the filtered water.

JOHN M. SCHOFIELD

Will you please give a biography of General John M. Schofield?—F. M., Hazel, Va.

John McAllister Schofield, the American military officer, was born September 29, 1831. In 1853 he was graduated from West Point, and assigned to garrison duty in South Carolina and Florida. He then went to West Point, where he was assistant professor of philosophy. At the opening of the civil war Schofield was professor of physics at the Washington university in St. Louis, Mo. He acted as mustering officer of that state when volunteers for the war were being called for, and in the latter part of 1861 was appointed brigadier general of volunteers. He was in command of the District of Missouri in 1861 and 1862, of a division in the Army of the Cumberland in 1863, and again commanded the Department of Missouri in 1864. The following year he was in command of the Department of the Ohio, being engaged in the Atlanta campaign. For his services in the army he received the rank of brigadier-general and brevet major-general in the regular army. Schofield continued in active military service after the war, and in 1868 became secretary of war, which position he held for one year. He commanded various departments until 1888, when he was assigned to the command of the army of the United States. In 1895 he was promoted lieutenant-general and later in the same year he was retired.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. M. B., Painesville, O.: We cannot give you the biography which you wish.

J. M. H., Palestine, W. Va.: General Lee evacuated Richmond and thus Grant was able to enter without trouble.

L. C., Harriman, Tenn.: We have no record of any such comet as you mention.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

A Good Friend of Young and Old.

Boston Evening Transcript.

Edward S. Ellis, a resident of Montclair, N. J., was 70 years old Monday. It was just 50 years ago this spring that young Ellis assisted at the birth of Beadle's dime novels by producing one of the classics of that amusing series, Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier, a tale that won a circulation of more than 500,000 copies and was translated into 11 languages. Most of our modern best sellers would have to hide their diminished heads in the presence of this and other masterpieces of fiction that began to be created about that time by Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. M. V. Vidor, Mrs. Mary A. Denison, Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, Harry Cavendish and "Ned Buntline," and even today these works are current, though in a five cent reprint instead of as dime novels. In the '60s such narratives shocked the moralists, but in comparison with the stuff that has taken their place in youthful affections they seem entirely harmless, and Mr. Ellis, who has written some hundreds or thousands of other books, is under no need to sadden his birthday with reflections on the evil he has done. Rather he may recall with a certain pride that he is with one exception the last of the Mohicans, the original staff of Beadle writers, the only other survivor being Mrs. Mary A. Denison, who at the age of 84 resides in Baltimore.

Excitement in Paris.

London Truth.

France is just now raked with important questions. The navy is split into two factions over the case of a petty officer who wants to wear a long beard and has not left his ship nor shaved for eight months. His beard is now fourteen inches long. In Paris the Ministry of Marine is hard at work preparing a decree that all beards in the navy shall not be one fraction over two and one-fifth inches in length. Court martial and dismissal will probably attend the man growing two inches and a quarter of a hair upon his chin. The duty of measuring beards every morning with properly tested rules will no doubt fall upon commanders.

This is not all. The Socialists have adopted the Latin Quarter cap, and there is consternation among the students. The latter have formed a police corps to meet the crisis, and any one wearing a cap without the accredited badge of a faculty will be—well, the students have not decided what they will do to him, but the uncertainty surrounding his fate does not necessarily make it alarming.

SHAKESPEARE ANNIVERSARY

According to the biographer Saturday, April 23, marked the 346th anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare, the greatest poet the world has ever known.

The birthplace of the poet-dramatist was Stratford-on-Avon, in historic old Warwickshire, England. He was the son of John and Mary Shakespeare. According to the same records he was married to Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, November 28, 1552. Of this union there were three children, Susanna, who married Dr. Hall; Harriet and Judith, twins.

Six years after his marriage William Shakespeare went to London to seek his fortune in connection with the stage, and it was then that he became an actor and a writer of plays. He retired to Stratford-on-Avon in 1611, and he died there April 23, 1616. His widow died five years later.

Throughout the world today, and especially in old Stradford, great honor is being paid the memory of the Elizabethan writer.

Fred Eric, leading man of the Lyceum Stock company, has written his personal impressions of Stratford-on-Avon, which literary people will read with a great deal of interest.

Mr. Eric, while playing with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakesperean repertoire, several times visited Stratford. He is a great Shakespearean student and actor, and it was at his suggestion that the Lyceum Stock company gives Romeo and Juliet next week to celebrate the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. This gives Mr. Eric opportunity to appear in one of his greatest roles—that of Romeo.

Mr. Eric says:

Stratford-on-Avon, the land of Shakespeare, 4,000 miles from Toledo, stretches out a wizard wand over the world this week, and her normal population of about 5,000 villagers leaps in a night to a metropolitan multitude drawn to the scenes of Shakespeare's youth by the recurrence of his birthday anniversary on April 23.

The fete this year includes the production of a new play written by an American woman, and the revival of several of Shakespeare's dramas in the Memorial Theatre erected on the banks of the Avon. For a fortnight the ancient little city will be aglow with pageantry. Then the overburdened old inns will bow out their excess guests, the wild flowers will hasten to retrim the footpaths over the meadows to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, the nightingale will lift up his voice again at eventide, and Stratford-on-Avon will be itself again—the heart of a valley little changed in spirit or aspect since Shakespeare endowed it with the immortal vintage of his genius.

This is the Stratford the wise pilgrim will wait to enter if he wants the full enchantment of a first visit, and the triumph of carrying away with him a living key to the vast storehouses of Shakespeare's imagination.

It isn't hard to tarry on Coventry road till Stratford settles down from its annual jubilee. Nature has carpeted the way for miles with white and pink hawthorn blossoms, while tradition has left a mystery everywhere. It is the road to Kenilworth ruins, to Warwick castle, to Guy's Cliff house and the Giant's Cave, where the half-mystical Guy of Warwick lived his hermit days. On this road Shakespeare stood when a small boy to watch the historic pageants of mediaeval royalty, and there is scarcely a foot of it that he has not translated into the metre of his verse. All the legendary landmarks of old Warwickshire are within walking distance of the grammar school he attended, and no one can follow the road to Coventry and be surprised that the boy Shakespeare knew more history than many of his critics are able to reconcile with his limited school education.

Besides a doubt creeps into the mind of the stranger in Stratford that the grammar school on the Avon was "limited" in learning. A reading acquaintance with Greek and Latin seems to have been an accepted commonplace, for innumerable Latin and Greek inscriptions are found on the tablets scattered over Trinity churchyard.

With fancy, kindled by first impressions of Kenilworth and Warwick in their romantic fortresses, the approach to Stratford becomes an ecstacy of anticipation that is not disappointed.

On Sunday evening at sunset when the Avon flows like a silver thread through the darkening landscape and the Bell of Old Trinity rings the vesper hour at Shakespeare's tomb, Stratford-on-Avon is an ideal never to be forgotten. A long aisle of fragrant linden or lime trees leads from the church gate to the entrance. Although Westminster in London has longed to enshrine the grave of Shakespeare in its Poets' Corner, the quaint inscription on his tomb at Stratford promises that it shall always remain his resting place:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Adjoining Shakespeare's tomb is the grave of his daughter, honored in the quaint epitaph:

"Witty above her sex, but that's all, wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall."

The Avon droops into a waterfall just back of the church and flows under the slanting willows that brush against its surface. Shakespeare, in his plays speaks of the willow showing "his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

Only a short walk from the church is the old Falcon Inn that entertains the stranger who wants to sleep or lie awake looking at the big clock across the street, over Shakespeare's grammar school. The atmosphere of seventeenth century simplicity still conducts the famous hostelry. A wax candle and tapers are handed the traveler as he mounts the dim stairway for his night's repose. The Falcon was named for the bird that Shakespeare chose for his crest when arms were granted him. Like many of the old houses of Stratford the walls of the Falcon are paneled with oak. Its big oaken table on which the cavaliers of Shakespeare's day played shovelboard has been removed to the last home of Shakespeare, which he bought in his days of affluence. For this estate, then the most pretentious in Stratford, he paid 60 pounds. That values have changed if ideals of simplicity have not, is shown in the sum recently paid for Anne Hathaway's cottage in the hamlet of Shottery.

It is a mile's walk over the meadows from Shakespeare's birthplace to the home of the Juliet of his real life romance.

Under the greenwood trees of Shottery love first came to the boy who was soon to embalm on the parchments of immortal literature the most enthralling love story of the ages and the most tragic lesson in the crime of parental tyranny that attempts to intercept love's young dream. Shakespeare was married at nineteen and the little footpath from Stratford to Shottery still runs like a thread over the fields of early spring buttercups.

"Cuckoo buds of yellow here do paint the meadows with delight," wrote Shakespeare in his first play, Love's Labor Lost. The "Cuckoo" was the buttercup, and every other flower, herb or tree that grows along the Avon, with every bird that "tunes his merry note," finds its meager glory in the poet's verse.

Even the homely potato radish and leek find their due in Shakespeare's song, for they were glorified by service in Anne Hathaway's kitchen—the room that contains the great oak settee on which tradition says the Maid of Shottery and her poor lover sat together in the shadow of the massive fireplace.

Visitors are forbidden to take photographs of this room, but the American tourist who believes that Shakespeare would be less arbitrary in his hospitality—especially to Americans—sometimes uses his camera with happy results. It was American appreciation and American money that rescued the birthplace of Shakespeare from the havoc of a butcher shop, into which it had been turned about a hundred years ago.

In the quaint garden around Anne Hathaway's cottage there grows today a family of flowers that has tried to include nearly all the native plants and herbs mentioned in the best-known dramas of Shakespeare, and the pilgrim who proves to the gardener's satisfaction that he is a true student of the Bard of Avon, sometimes is allowed to carry away with him cherished sprays of rue, rosemary, lavender and fennel to make real to him forever the vision of a little group of village houses, laved by the Avon, where the world's greatest genius lived and loved and lies buried.

Oldest Known Pottery

AT a meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosopohical society recently Sir William Bailey read a paper giving further details of the remarkable discoveries of prehistoric pottery made by Hewitt Myring in Peru.

Sir William explained that the discoveries, which have attracted widespread attention, at least one American museum having tried to secure the pottery, were made during the exploration of the Chimcuna valley, in Peru. Mr. Myring was exploring the sand ridges in the hope of finding something in the Inca graves, but it appeared that the valley had been used as a cemetery by the Chimus, the race before the Incas, and as he went on he discovered hundreds of pieces of what is probably the most ancient pottery in the world. These pieces, which are in the best state of preservation, have been taken to England, and about a third of them have been secured for the British museum.

Sir William said that the Egyptian pottery of any dynasty was not equal to the best of the Peruvian specimens. The modeling of the human face was startling in its art. Both dignity and laughter were shown, and the muscles of the cheek, the wrinkles of the skin and the flexibility of the nostrils were depicted with great care and skill.

No two specimens were alike. There was individuality in each figure. The serfdom of habit and custom and tradition did not govern the work, which showed that the workers must have had intellectual liberty and genius.

The pots were buried with the dead. They varied in shape and size. Some represented animals, birds and fishes. Weapons were not much in evidence, and neither bows nor arrows had been discovered. No horses were to be found, but there was a beast like a hornless antelope. Birds were somewhat abundant and a batlike beast, stags and frogs were imitated.

The broad, intellectual human faces represented on some of the pieces were doubtless portraits. They might easily be taken for English or German faces. The workmanship was equal to any of the portrait jugs in vogue in England in the eighteenth century, and in some cases was better art.

The age of the pottery might be anything between 5,000 and 10,000 years. Many of the pots contained silver pellets and necessities for a journey, thus revealing that these early races shared in the belief in another world and a state of transmigration possibly entailing hardship and the need of endurance. The absence of rain in Peru and the presence of silicates in the soil had helped to preserve the specimens practically intact.

Many Naturalized Trees

FROM the earliest blossoms and the little leaves of spring, the average American city or town is indebted to many parts of the world for some of its most interesting phases of tree life. The same statement applies to the country, in less degree.

Our common fruit trees, with their wealth of blossoms, from the deep pink of the peach to the snow white of the cherry, the pear and the plum, and the varying hues of the apple, are imported luxuries. They are not really native to America. Not even the quince, close to the border between trees and shrubs, is of old American stock.

So it happens that the chief beauty of the trees near American farm houses, being more commonly fruit trees than of other kinds, are of man's importation, although many generations back in most cases, not of nature's planting in America. And even on the farms there are often shade trees which are not of species which early explorers found in the region now in the United States.

The popular horse chestnut came to this country from Europe. Originally, it seems to have been an Asiatic tree. The largest and finest willows in America are of Old World origin, however remotely.

In the cities and towns many trees now common are really naturalized aliens, although they seem as well established as any of the natives. Among them are the English elm, the Norway maple, the gingko, from eastern Asia, the ailanthus, from the same part of the world, the Japanese maple, the Norway spruce and the European linden.

In certain parts of the country there are other foreign trees naturalized and flourishing mightily. In some instances they are proving of great economic importance.

One is the so-called "English" walnut, now grown extensively in southern California. It is a tree which has no commercial existence in the British isles, but as the nuts it bears in France and Italy were first brought to this country from England, it became known as the English walnut.

Another of these recent importations is the eucalyptus, brought from Australia and planted largely in California and Arizona. It is valuable for timber and it is used, somewhat, for medicinal purposes and to lessen the malarial infection in swampy places, not too cold for it to live and grow.

In the warmer parts of the south and the extreme southwest, the the orange, of course, has been domesticated, with very important economic results. The lemon, also, has become Americanized, to the notable enrichment of the country.

In certain limited districts of Arizona and California the date palm is doing well. The range of the fig is greater. It has been established in the orchard industry of California, Texas, Arizona and, in a small way, in Florida and Louisiana.

The olive seems to have only a narrow field for successful growth in this country, but it is of economic importance because it is very productive where the conditions are favorable. The trees are extremely long-lived, and often they bear well for centuries.

It will be seen that the naturalization of trees in this country of enormous extent and extremely wide range of climate and soil has been one of the interesting and important phases of national development. It is far more than a mere incident of the subjugation of the continent to the use and benefit of civilized man.

That Moon.

London Globe.

If the night has a thousand eyes, as one of our lyrists says it has, the moon wears a monocle. Of all the heavenly bodies, the moon attracts by far the most notice. For years we have dimly realized this fact, but it is only recently that the thing attained for us the clarity of mud. It was a song that did it. (How often in life great thoughts become crystallized with a quick thud owing to the strains of some stray melody. Well do we remember the first occasion on which we heard "Bill Simmons"—but a truce to idle memories of those dear, dead days.) The name of the song is, we think, Give Us a Black Moon. Those may not be the actual words of the title, but the sense, anyway, is right. We had begun to imagine, until that moment, that there could be really nothing more to say about the moon. "Every phase of the lunar sphere has been exhausted," we said. "There is absolutely nothing left to grip in this matter." We felt sorry for the moon. The moon would drop out, as it were, and have to give way for the sun or the pole star, or some other old constellation. But it is not to be. If a lyrist can deliberately turn to the possibility of there being a black moon, then we say firmly that we were premature in our regrets over a vanished moon. The moon will continue to hold her pride of place for all time. Halley's comet may temporarily forge ahead; but the rhyme is too difficult for our lyrists, who are bound to fall back on the moon.

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TESTING FISH'S MEMORY

Sense of Color—Recognizing and Avoiding Danger.

Chicago Tribune.

Even the fishes of the sea have pictures on memory's wall. Experiments have been made with several fishes as to their faculties for remembering, but the most striking results have been obtained with the gray perch, which lives chiefly on a small silvery hued sardine. Some of these were taken and colored red and were then put into the tank where the perch was, with several silver colored sardines. Of course the normal sardines were at once seized and eaten, but it was not until hungry that the perch made a tentative meal of one of the red colored victims.

On recognizing the sardine flavor, however, he promptly demolished the remainder. Later the perch devoured the sardines irrespective of color, thus showing not only traces of a memory, but also the power to differentiate color.

Subsequently sardines colored red and blue were placed in the tank together with the silver ones. The same scene was repeated, the blue sardines not being attacked until the others were eaten and hunger compelled investigation of the newcomers. After this introduction the perch ate the sardines of all three types without any difficulty.

Some spines of the sea nettle were then fastened to the blue sardines. These were at once avoided by the perch, who promptly got out of the way of the newcomers. This showed traces of memory, as the results of contact with the sea nettle were shown and recognized.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Luck is a friend of the hustler.

Grafting shouldn't be recognized as a sport.

To Mr. Roosevelt life is just one grand triumph after another.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens is dead. Mark Twain will live forever.

There is always a chance that undesirable children will outgrow it.

The woman suffragist who hisses the President is no gentleman.

Some men strive for fame and others are satisfied with notoriety.

There is now hope that Spring will settle down and lead a blameless life.

Wherever he goes Mr. Roosevelt finds a bully good time waiting for him.

"An Indiana man wants a divorce because his wife chews tobacco." Fine-cut or plug?

When it comes to keeping out of the penitentiary women are more successful than men.

The time has come when it takes a brave man to run for congress on an Uncle Joe platform.

A western man has the distinction of having survived the professional treatment of 26 physicians.

Speaker Cannon is too original to follow Mr. Aldrich with an announcement that he will voluntarily retire.

A St. Louis pastor says he wants to go to heaven bythe quickest route. He is not, however, in a hurry to start.

There is said to be a $5,000 government job in New York that nobody seems to want. It must be haunted.

A Nebraska girl broke her jaw calling a hired man to dinner. He is the only hired man of the kind on record.

Mr. Bryan is slowly drifting away from the Democratic party. He declares th are some good Republicans.

The Daughters of the American Revolution should quit holding their conventions in Washington and go to The Hague.

About all that is necessary to start a new religious sect is to predict the end of the world and take up a collection.

Jack Johnson seems to be full of filial affection. He has promised his mother that he will be a good boy and lick Jeffries.

Mr. Rockefeller says he never liked Mr. Roosevelt. He is the only king who has expressed any such sentiment as that.

It was an Irish policeman who married the Swede cook at the White House. No wonder this is a great country.

Senator Aldrich is going to retire in 1911, thus allowing the burden of running the country to fall on other shoulders.

Mr. Henry Watterson is an optimist. He doesn't believe that either Roosevelt or the comet will cause the world to come to and end.

The marriage engagement of the White House cook may have given rise to the rumor that President Taft doesn't want another term.

Richard Croker paid America a great compliment when he declared that "a country that will grow hair on a bald head is all right."

A London dietist declares that a man can have any kind of a dream he wants by regulating his diet. Respectfully referred to politicians.

A Pittsburg woman wants all married men to wear a ring so that girls may recognize them. But such a plan might unnecessarily expose the bachelors.

Mr. Rockefeller has become impatient waiting for congress to aid him in the matter of giving away his fortune. It seems like a shame to let him suffer.

Speaker Cannon announces that he expects to live 25 years longer. And he might have added, in his characteristic way, that he doesn't care who knows it.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion among public men that Governor Hughes would make an excellent supreme court justice in spite of his whiskers.

According to a Chicago judge, a woman has a right to bounce a rolling pin off her husband's head. Does the same ruling apply in the case of a stove poker.

President Taft is no longer complaining that the White House is lonesome. He received calls from Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst last week and neither of them asked for an office.

Sculptor Aitken declares that President Taft is "one of the handsomest men in public life today." And if a sculptor doesn't know a handsome man when he sees one, who does?

Eva Brown, the Pawtucket prophetess, makes the prediction that something terrible will happen June 21. Wonder what it will be? Perhaps the old clothesline is going to break and let the family washing fall in the dirt.

A DISCREET FAREWELL.

It has been assumed that the retirement of Senator Aldrich is to be entirely voluntary. He was thought to hold the state of Rhode Island in the flat of his hand. It would seem, however, that this little state can feel the pains of nausea as larger states have when they contemplate the character of the men who represent them in congress.

We quote from the Providence Journal:

> Times are changing rapidly and the American people are no longer inclined to stand for many things to which they once submitted with little complaint. Even in this state the overshadowing political power of the country towns is not likely to endure forever, or a small percentage of the total number of voters be able indefinitely to dictate the choice of senators. It may be doubted, too, if Mr. Aldrich's successor, with the best will in the world, could "stand for" the things he "stood for." Mr. Aldrich himself sees that a change is coming and that former methods of legislation are no longer available.

Aldrich might have had no great difficulty in being re-elected. But a political upheaval in his state, a reaction against those methods in the senate so long admired at home, would have served as a wet blanket to that term which he would enter as one who is rounding out a public career. The senator from Rhode Island has not been called a shrewd politician for nothing.

MINE INSPECTION.

By an explosion in a coal mine at Hulga, Ala., 41 miners were killed last Wednesday. Eighteen other miners died in a mine at Amsterdam, Ohio, on Friday, following an explosion.

It is to be presumed that the Hulga mine has passed through the usual official examinations. In the case of the Amsterdam mine a deputy inspector had performed his work only two days before the gas was fired, the timbers and equipment shattered and the lives of 18 men snuffed out.

What does the inspection of coal mines amount to? This state maintains an expensive corps of experts who are given unusual powers to enforce regulations, the purchase and use of safety appliances and the adoption of systems of protection. It is the same in other states, the laws having the same aim and varying but in unimportant details. Yet the explosions occur. Men die like rats in a well, cut off from the light of day. Rescuers must take the risk of death to search for the living or to bring out the dead.

Engineering has been reduced to mathematics, fairly sure and certain. The movements of air under pressure are understood and that which will happen when the liberated gas of the coal and an open flame come in contact is the common knowledge of childhood. Still coal mining, the operation of which depends upon the employment of engineering, the never resting fans and the recognition of the simple laws of chemistry, continues to be punctuated with terrible explosions, deadly fires and frequent cave-ins.

Either the inspections of the mines are perfunctory or the regulations of the inspectors ignore the nature of the materials with which mining deals.

MORGAN GIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

A promoter undertook to float a combination in an industry which had suffered from overcompetition, extravagances and wasteful methods of manufacture and marketing. He was making satisfactory progress with the venture when he received word that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan wished to see him. The promoter answered the summons at once.

"This is a big thing you are doing," said Mr. Morgan, "but you see it is this way: If you float your combine, it will not be long before the company will be erecting its own furnaces, getting its own iron mines and making its own steel. And that will hurt my steel corporation."

The promoter acknowledged that these points had been considered.

"Well, I don't want you to do it."

"All right, Mr. Morgan," said the promoter, "that ends it."

If the budding financier had gone ahead, his path would have been blocked at every turn and not only that, the property he owned and that of the manufacturers with whom he was then dealing might have been attacked and brought down into a heap of ruins. It is Morgan's way to have his way. The incident shows what it means when ten billions of capital come under the control of one man. The capitalist, the financier, the manufacturer and the merchant can be placed completely under his domination by the mere word of instruction to a messenger.

How far will this power be exercised? When are we to know its full strength, its completest domination, its limit of abuse?

SENATE LEADERSHIP.

Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has decided to take off the toga of office. Hale, of Maine, has figured that the insurgents have captured his influence at home, and he, too, will retire. Flint, of California, is winding up his political career. Burrows, of Michigan, having told his constituents that it was Aldrich, not he, who did things for them—or to them—is expected to deliver his farewell speech upon March 3 next. The "Old Guard" and its loudest heralds are about to be reckoned as parts of an institution that has passed away.

In the cynical way that Washington has the city buzzes less with talk of the dead than with speculation as to the successors. Who, asks Washington, are to be the "big fellows?" Who are to be the leaders and bosses? In our opinion the wisest and manliest comment which has been made upon this question of the shoulders for the mantle of leadership have come from the lips of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa:

> That old garment should be taken up tenderly and put away in mothballs in the National museum to be preserved as one of the historic relics of the republic.

An American likes to think that the men who represent his affairs at the capital are strong enough and independent enough not to need a bridle or yearn for a driver. He likes to think that a representative or a senator has the nerve to speak his mind, to vote as he thinks best, and to tell any who question his authority so to do go where, by no stretch of the imagination, may the climate be termed temperate. Alas! This state of things has not existed—at least in recent times. But this fact doesn't argue that the better state should not be true, that it is impossible.

A leadership ought not to exist where all men are supposed to be capable of doing their own thinking. Not until the senate has attained a full measure of independence and manhood may the dreams of the Signers be realized.

LACE CURTAINS

Last Award of Lace Curtains for This Season.

To those of our subscribers whose time expires in May, we offer free curtains for clubs, and then we shall discontinue all special terms until the opening of our new subscription campaign, beginning August 1.

We do not sell these curtains, but give one pair free, postpaid by mail, for every club of 10 subscribers. The announcement we make this week is intended especially for those whose time expires next month.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

On the first day of each month we mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of 10 or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By May 1st those whose subscriptions expire during May should have our proposition. If not received by May 4th, drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the world, having now a quarter of a million subscribers and over a million readers. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of 10 or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. Remember, that unless you accept one of our May propositions by June 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our May names and a large number of new ones as well.

THE KNOX PEACE PLAN.

Philander Knox, deposer of despots and opener of commercial doors, has a plan by which the war drum shall become the plaything of the child and the palm of everlasting peace shall sway gently over the habitats of all men.

The scheme calls for a permanent court of arbitrament. A dispute between nations shall be taken before this tribunal and according as it is adjudicated the nations in controversy shall abide. A new system of international law will thus be built up gradually, but it will differ from the present so-called international law since it will have the power to compel obedience. No hint is given of a method of disarmament, but, of course, if the court proves to be the right thing the powers will proceed to lay up their navies and the armies will be disbanded.

There is a fine quality about all peace schemes, for it is pleasant to dream of a state of being where men are brothers, national prejudice is unknown and hate is to be found only by a study of the histories. They are to be welcomed, for presently that "common sense of most," of which Tennyson wrote might thus be made real. Yet we cannot ignore the true situation unless, mayhap, we are of those to whom ideas are more than facts. There is a great empire which is working with unresting energy to obtain a navy which shall be greater than all others. That empire is not only pursued by a relentless ambition, but the pressure of circumstances demands further territory, room, expansion. The pace is set there and every nation of consequence must spend money, must build and build and put aside thoughts of universal and perpetual peace, because it must obey, above all laws, the law of self-preservation.

AND WHY?

About 92,000,000 miles away blazes the mighty mother of the earth and her sister planets and planetoids. Every year this globe completes a journey of some 584,000,000 miles and starts unwearied upon another. Out in the vastness whence comes the stellar visitor for which eyes are now straining swings the farthermost member of our family, Neptune—2,700,000,000 miles distant. Beyond that is the nearest neighbor to the sun, Alpha Centauri, whose distance in miles is expressed in the inconceivable numerals, 26,000,000,000,000. In a shoreless sea of space the solar system is traveling 12 miles a second, from what port none may guess and to what destiny cannot even be conjectured.

Men upon this atom of the universal dust snarl and fume over differences of opinion for which none can give a definition. Humon creatures maim and starve one another that dollars may be coined from the blood and flesh. War is the reality which governs the practical and peace the reality of the stupid and the ideal of the dreamers.

In the inscrutable wisdom of the Almighty man was brought forth in the presence of illimitable grandeur and left to become one with "every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

MARK TWAIN.

Folk have been speaking of Samuel Clemens for nearly half a century as a humorist—and yet how illy the label fitted him! For he was more than a humorist, more than a fun-maker, more than a daring inventor of jokes, of strange dialogue, of absurd situations. Of all men our land has known none could have been described more nearly than as a humanist.

It was the human quality which has placed the humor of Mark Twain upon a peak to which no other writer has ever attained. Though most of us were children when we read Tom Sawyer we knew even then that Tom was not merely a wayward boy. His exploits were his own and his adventures were of the sort that only certain privileged ones might duplicate but, in the character as it was presented, the real boy stood forth, as much the youngster of the dusty streets of cities as he of the little river town. Huckleberry Finn lived a period far off and gone forever, upon a great stream which scarce a tenth of all who dwell in this country have ever beheld, yet his comments are reflections of which a boy of today and a thousand miles from the Mississippi might be expected to make in like circumstances. None of this generation can understand the battle which Huckleberry had with his conscience when he realized he was a "nigger-stealer," but all have passed through other such struggles with the soul and, in the end, adopted the self-same policy of action and thought. Roughing It was a chronicle of western experience and a history of the famous flush days of Virginia City, but what a wonderful chronicle and history! Julesburg is a mean, little junction place for a transcontinental line, but its row of buildings and the name upon the station have quickened reminiscence in the minds of thousands of passengers, for it was there that the story of Slade began. There were mining, politics and newspaper writing but the human documents of Jim Blaine, Buck Fanshaw and Dick Baker, of Deadhouse Gulch, were bound in the volume. Life on the Mississippi is heard of seldom, yet there are superannuated pilots and captains who have read little else in a score of years and their copies are thumbed and weak of back. Colonel Sellers was part of a tale which didn't really amount to much and still, because of Colonel Sellers, thousands will read and reread the unfortunate fiction in which he moved. "We are but a handful of American citizens," said the spokesman of a party of tourists calling upon a Russian duke, a commonplace and dignified speech enough. The further career of that speech however, causes us to take up Innocents Abroad again and again and find it just as enjoyable and reflective of human taints as when it first came to our eyes.

The work of Mark Twain was as varied as his experiences had been. He had deep, serious interests. The story of Joan of Arc fascinated him and long before he wrote a beautiful history of her life he was weaving bits of the story into his writings. He abominated the doctrine of Christian Science and delivered a savage attack upon it. His terrible, numbing retort to the sneering Frenchman who said that Americans were always trying to discover who their grandfathers were will not be forgotten, as once it seemed an entire nation would never forgive it. And in the autobiography, parts of which have been published, are observations upon the ways of men as seriously toned as a sermon whole pages of speculation upon the whyfor of this world, its meaning, its end, and touches of pathos that near tear the heart out of the reader.

Mark Twain has been so long with his people and his work, as we all feel it, will live so long after the last of us has departed, that it is hard to believe this friend by our elbow has laid aside his pen and folded his hands forever. He was of God's noblest handiwork.

ON WORRY AND VANITY.

Solemn minded egoists are still troubled lest intelligence shall vanish from the earth when they shall be no more. They are vastly worried over the Rockefeller charitable foundation, not for the gifts to be made today, but for what they may prove tomorrow. Hampton's Magazine has concentrated all the forebodings into a tremulous, tearful article, saying:

> Being a federal incorporation, the power of any particular state to interfere with the managerial methods would be largely destroyed. The properties now controlled by the house of Rockefeller would be retained in that control and inevitably would increase under the policy inherited from the thrifty Mr. Rockefeller. In short, if the Standard Oil of today is a monster, the Rockefeller Foundation might very easily become a whole platoon of Frankensteins.

Considering the history of the past, the laws of the Almighty and the theories of the evolutionists, we think we may safely predict that the generations yet unborn will possess as much as a thimbleful of brains. If they have that, then they can pull the sting out of the Rockefeller charities. We can, therefore, cease from troubling ourselves about that contingency of the future and turn, for relief, to admiration of the tremendous structure of vanity which looks forward to dissolution with dread of the calamity which will thereupon befall the world.

STILL ON THE DEEP.

The viligance of sailors, the mulpiplication of lighthouses and light-ships and the invention of devices of warning have still not robbed the seas of their might. If romance demands risk of life and limb, the drama of panic or of bravery, the struggle of man against the elements, then there is plenty of romance left.

The wreck of the Minnehaha directs attention again to this failure of the maritime nations and the followers of the seas to strip the waves of their perils. In the days of the clipper ships the sailor folk spoke of headlands and of certain groups of islands as ocean graveyards. These rocks and reefs still claim their booty. "With the blessings of God," said the devout Newfoundlander, "we have been sent a run of fish and a few good wrecks." Cape Race, upon the Newfoundland coast, takes a heavy toll in property and human lives every winter. Cape Cod, patroled by scores of life-savers and lighted its whole length, is mentioned in wreck reports with unbroken regularity. The traveler upon a vessel passing Sandy Hook notes the signs of wreck and these signs continue though salvers are ever at work thereabouts. Hatteras maintains its ancient notoriety. The Lizard upon the English coast is strewn around with the hulks of great steamers and the Scilly islands, where the Minnehaha went ashore, are among the terrors of the deep though their shores bristle with lighthouses.

Those who like a spice of danger with their journeying about the earth have still no reason to complain.

BETTER THAN SQUEALING.

There was a capitalist in the far west who became very famous within his territory for the shrewdness of his investments. He would listen intently to the promoters who came to him and ask them to call in an hour or two. He would then lock the door of his office, and, pulling out a drawer or two, bring forth a great, glistening block of brass. It was a "gold brick" he had bought in his youth. Consideration of the promoters' schemes in the presence of that brick made those schemes stand for what they actually were, disrobed of the persuasion of the boomer, freed from the temptation of speculation. If they were gold they stood the test of the communion; if brass they quickly betrayed their baseness.

American millionaires have been buying canvases abroad which have proved to be the work of fakers and imitators. They have paid huge sums for paintings alleged to be the handiwork of great artists, but which, upon examination, are shown to be forgeries executed by clever men upon a day wage basis. The sad thing about the business is that the millionaires are squealing. They have sued and denounced and demanded jail sentences and the return of their money.

How much better if the dupes would hang the paintings where they may be communed with in moments when the plausible "gold brick" men of finance, the edition de luxe salesmen, the lost mine discoverer and the Spanish inheritance agent come around?

THE LAST FIGHT OF CARTER

The name of Oberlin Carter came back to the news columns the other day when the United States supreme court decided that all his thievings, "whether they were traceable to the investment in which they were put or not," belonged, by right, to the government.

There have been few cases so hard fought as that of Carter's, with the attendant cases against the contractors, Gaynor and Greene. For years Carter was able to keep out of prison and even after he had been sent to Leavenworth for a long term he escaped the routine many weeks while his appeals were being heard. Since his release he has fought every action of the government to gain control of the loot he placed with a brother and an uncle. This is said to amount now to $400,000. It was the final contention of Carter that while he might be compelled to return the original sum he was entitled to the increase therefrom. The supreme court said no. And in the decision every man will see the clear principle of common sense.

Carter surrendered his honor when he entered the conspiracy, so he had nothing to lose by parading his shame through the years thereafter. But the last opportunity for this is gone. And that is a very good thing.

THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.

An anti-foreign war which would involve all of the province of Hunan, now suffering disturbances in protest of the cornering of the rice crop of 1909, might prove a very serious problem for the authorities at Peking to meet. It probably could be subdued only after aid had been asked of other nations, after hard fighting.

The province of Hunan has an area somewhat smaller than that of either Nebraska or South Dakota and much less than half again as many square miles as are included in the site of Ohio. But it has a population of 22,000,000, about one-fourth that of the entire United States, more than 20 times that of Nebraska and 70 times the population of South Dakota. The province is one of the great tea growing districts of China, raising also large quantities of tobacco, hemp and the national staple rice. Within the borders are important deposits of iron and coal.

The strength of Peking, if it is forced to conduct a campaign against the province, must lie in the individualistic trait of Chinamen. They can do little in the way of cooperation without previous training and discipline. A popular uprising is usually but a mob. There still may be a decided test for the new energized and organized army of China, concerning the establishment of which so much has been heard in the last few years.

THE COMET'S TAIL.

The earth passed through the tail of a comet in 1861, but no one was aware of it at the time and, in fact, it was not known until a year later. An astronomer gave the belated news to the world after figuring out the orbit of one of our heavenly wanderers.

The announcement that the tail of Halley's comet and the earth will come in contact with one another on May 18, has caused exceeding uneasiness in the minds of many people. Letters have poured in upon the scientists, the writers asking what may be expected by this collision in space. The rising of the moon brought panic to one poor soul who told his forebodings to Prof. Barnard, of the Yerkes observatory. The queerest conception of the constitution of the comet is disclosed by these letters, not a few persons believing it to be of white hot flames, others offering various theories from that of a solid, inhabitable wedge of matter millions of miles long to a messenger of providence freighted with the duty of ending up the affairs of a wicked world. The studies of the astronomers show that the tail of a comet is of gas so attenuated that the earth, air and all, will plow through it on May 18 and neither lose nor gain anything of which the most delicate instruments can detect a sign.

The fact that within the last half century the earth has passed through the sweeping banner of a comet and that it was not even aware of it at the time, should be sufficient assurance to all inclined to nervousness over the meeting in May with the traveler from infinity.

WEANING HISTORY OUT OF BOYS

Battles, the sword, the gun, the cannon, warships, soldiery and all other things military will be blue-penciled from the histories in use in the schools of Cook county, Illinois, or mentioned as if mere incidents. The school superintendent says:

> The study of the heroic deeds of soldiers and sailors creates in boys a fighting spirit and they are filled with a desire to emulate them. With this influence eliminated in the schools there ought to be less of a desire to be a hero in our boys' ambitions and the change in handling the subjects will help the cause of universal peace.

Boys play at being Indian long before they learn of them in the text-books. They play truant and go fishing though truancy is among the high crimes of the schools, and fishing, when described in school work, is concerned with that kind which takes fish in nets and becomes a part of a statistical table in dealing with products. There would be no such practice as going swimming if it remained for the public schools to define it, no baseball, no marbles, tops or all-day suckers. Yet boys do go swimming; they do play ball and marbles; they do spin tops and spend pennies on candy.

Stories of battles interest youngsters. War will have a new and fearful zest for them when it is learned that it is among the subjects tabooed.

AFTER THE COTTON CORNER.

The attack made by the department of justice upon the corner now being engineered in cotton is unprecedented, at least in form, in the history of the country. It will be received with mixed feelings and it is not at all unlikely that the disapproval will in volume far outweigh the praise.

Yet it may be taken for granted that the attorney general and his agents have studied the possible effect of this interference with one of the greatest of commercial markets. They would hesitate to establish a precedent, the end of which might prove to reach far beyond their ken. The evidence placed in their hands must have been of such a nature as to warrant immediate action and must, also, have had elements which would lead to indictments and trials in the courts of law.

The course of this movement against a bull corner will be watched keenly. For if the federal government succeeds in proving a right to intervene in a trade manipulation it will mean that the government must in duty bound knock the props out from other bull markets hereafter.

THE PATRIOTS.

The I-am-in-the-hands-of-my-friends candidates for the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1912 now consist of:

John Burke, governor of North Dakota.

Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York.

Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

Governor Marshall, of Indiana.

William Randolph Hearst is said to be polishing up a caster to throw in the ring.

And William Jennings Bryan should not be forgotten.

Patriotism is a great and noble thing. But it does seem too bad that in so many cases it should also be pathetic.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A DAY THAT LOOKS TWO WAYS

International Sunday School Lesson for May 1 Is, "Two Sabbath Incidents." Matt. 12:1-14.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The oldness of new problems should steady men's thinking. Here in today's New York paper, which lies before me, is a four column heading and a long article upon the latest phase of the Sunday question in the metropolis; while alongside of it lies a Bible, open at a discussion of the Sabbath question recorded two thousand years ago.

By contrast, the newspaper article is pitifully local and shallow and one-sided; it seems to see this whole vast social and religious problem only, as it were, through the bottom of the tilted beer glass. There is no evidence in the headlines or in the text that the Sunday question is, or ever has been, more than a New York issue. Such an attitude is hopeless of finding a permanent solution. On the other hand the humbler Jewish Teacher, whose mode of life and whose environment would excite the unconcealed contempt of a modern New Yorker, dealt with two episodes which raised the Sabbath question in a manner which provides the best light upon that same issue as it has persisted unto this day, creating political complexities in North America and in many parts of Europe. The conclusion is irresistible that the most sensible first step to take in any consideration of this theme is to find out what the New Testament says about it.

A Modern Perplexity.

Rules must be changed with changing conditions; principles apply for all time. The Jewish Sabbath is only a memory. The Puritan Sabbath is as antiquated as the Puritan hat. The modern Sunday, in its observance, is inchoate and unsatisfactory. Multitudes of concerned persons are fussing around trying to formulate rules that will fit everybody everywhere. The men of broad vision, and capacity for grasping essentials and enunciating principles, are conspicuously lacking. The Sunday question is really one of the big problems of civilization; set particularly for the church's solution; yet most persons interested seem to be hopelessly muddled. Only Jesus speaks in clear tones a message suited to the day.

Many good people are deeply concerned that their children do not love Sunday. The day is an ordeal to be endured. It is hedged all about with "don'ts," but there are few gates marked "This do in remembrance of Me." Even their elders perceive that the old-fashioned program of a day filled with church-going is not the most truly religious, or expressive of the day's purpose, for many persons in these crowded days. They also realize, even though they do not always understand why, that the worship day cannot safely be turned into a work day or a play day. "The Sabbath was made for man," but if it is robbed of its peculiar identity, and made just like other days, it would, as has been pointed out, be no longer a Sabbath, but a Monday or a Tuesday.

Jesus the Sabbath-Breaker.

The portion of the biography of Jesus upon which this lesson is based comprises two episodes, wherein Jesus and his little band of friends figured, in the eyes of the Pharisees, as Sabbath-breakers. The first criticism arose from the act of the disciples in plucking grain from the field through which they passed (an act permitted on other days by Jewish law), and eating it. The strict constructionists among the Jewish teachers contended that plucking the grain was a form of reaping and that to rub it in the hands to remove the chaff was threshing. Therefore the Jesus company had worked on the Sabbath!

The other incident occurred in the synagogue itself—for Jesus was a consistent church-goer—where he healed a man with a withered hand. The Pharisees themselves called his attention to this case of need, not because they cared for the afflicted man, but because they wanted to entrap the healer. Unconventional and unafraid, Jesus straightway performed the miracle, thus defying his critics, and adding one more ember to the fires of their jealous, blind hate, which was destined to consume him.

That Jesus broke the Sabbath—their idea of the Sabbath—was one of the great grievances of the Jews against him. Nor was their animosity lessened by the way in which he proved the rightness of his course by their own laws. From the Old Testament incident of David and the shewbread, and of the labors of the priests on every Sabbath, he justified the action of his disciples in the grain field. By the approved practice of delivering a sheep from a pit on the Sabbath, he made clear that, as a man is better than a sheep so it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath.

"Stretch Forth Thy Hand."

Preachers have delighted to dwell on the parabolic meaning of the healing of a man with a withered hand. Rev. Dr. W. Frost Bishop thus pictures it with vivid touch.

"In the full sweep of the imagination that shall recall every device, mechanism, or piece of machinery during all the ages, from the first brick made in Egypt down to the latest submarine cable, wireless telegraph apparatus, or intricate airship, when the idea of the human hand and its ministry shall have been perfected, not alone through manufactures, but through the liberal arts as well—through music with the handling of the harp and organ, through architecture with its groined arch and frescoed wall, through painting with its miles and miles of canvas whose every inch has received numberless touches of the brush of the artist, and through sculpture with the mallet and chisel, held the one in the right hand of the artist and the other in the left—under the full sweep of such reflections let us read the eloquent words of Christ's Gospel: 'And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had—a withered hand!' The whole gospel in a single picture; the curse of sin symbolized by a withered hand; the salvation of Christ by its restoration."

A Man vs. a Sheep.

The intense social passion which is possessing the hearts of modern men to a steadily increasing degree, had its spring in the teachings and life of Jesus. He cared supremely for the human being in the case. It seems as if there was no precedent that he would not willingly break for the sake of helping people. The Pharisees' scorn of the common folk he roundly condemned. That they would put an ecclesiastical regulation above a man's need excited his contempt. They would violate their man-made Sabbath laws for the sake of their live stock, but not for the sake of their brethren.

The modern industrial processes which are the boast of our material civilization need to have the hand of Jesus laid upon them, for their disregard of life is incompatible with a civilization which avows his standards. He cares more for the worker than for the work. Flesh and blood men are worth more to him, and to society, than iron castings, coal, or steel plates and rails. An aroused public conscience is beginning to echo ominously his exclamation, "How much then is a man of more value than a sheep!" The Sabbath was made for man; and the world was made for man; and science was fromulated for man; and laws were made for man. God's order is inverted when, after God himself, man is not put first.

The brooding, yearning, hungry love of Christ for humanity is being understood more clearly every day. Variously expressed, the passion may be discovered on every hand. The number of those whose sentiment, like that of Jesus, is caught by these lines of F. W. H. Meyers is legion:

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
  Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings!—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
  Sadly contented in a show of things.—

"Then with a rush of intolerable craving
  Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
  Die for their life, he offered for them all!"

The "Higher" Law.

There is a "higher law" than may be found on any human statute books. It is the law of the loving heart of a just and sovereign God. As one commentator, Rev. A. Carr, writes, "There is something more binding than the law, and that is the principle which underlies the law. The law, rightly understood, is the expression of God's love to man." If law is so understood, it becomes only a blessing, and not a burden.

In this mood, we face the Sabbath question; and we find that is not a day to be kept in any literalism of rules, but in the free spirit of religion and reverence. The Lord of the Sabbath redeemed the Sabbath of the Lord from the fetters of Jewish ecclesiasticism which bound it.

The Sabbath is for man—and for the best that is in man.

The Sabbath should be a day of service as well as of services.

The Lord's day is also man's day; the peril is that man will divert it to base uses, forgetting the highest needs of his best self.

The Sabbath looks back to the first creation, then to the new creation in Christ, and forward to the social creation still in progress. A short-sighted keeping of the Sabbath puts tomorrow in jeopardy.

All who love the Lord of the day will learn to love the day of the Lord.

The best-kept Sabbath is that which brings rest and reverence to the greatest number of persons.

That Sabbath misses its highest mission which does not bring two worlds into contact in the heart of man.

The Sabbath that is not kept joyously is not kept holy.

The Lion at Night.

Everybody's.

Once in the lion country, you learn the real reason why he is termed the King of easts. He looks it. Besides, there is the terror he casts over all the brute creation about him. And as for terror, there is one feature of life in East Africa that the traveler never forgets—the lion's roaring. To me, no other sound in nature is more awe-inspiring, more appalling, especially if heard at really close range, or among hills, where the echo resounds in its rolling double bass. Contrary to the common idea, lions do not confine their thunderous calls to the night only; frequently in open daylight one may be startled by a sudden outburst. They are a noisy lot, too. At night, I have heard a band keep up the dire chorus for hours at a time, a blood-curdling concert that brings to mind every tale, fanciful or true, of their daring, of their fierce rapacity and might. It seems, still further, to have an added dreadfulness when one is lying within the frail walls of a tent, with only its canvas between one and the formidable musician.

Listen now! There goes one booming in the distance, a roaring obligato that breaks into from six to a dozen calls. From the first to the fourth the volume usually increases; then it dies down. At very close quarters one hears the roar melt gradually into a purr, itself diminishing to a growling, discontented mumble that lasts for about half a minute. Or there is the other sound, equally menacing—a soft and suggestive crunching noise, as though the beast had already settled to a grewsome meal. The lion's voice is mighty, as mighty as his strength. Forget his habits, his love of carrion, and his daylight turn of cowardice, and you have the impression of a King of Beasts—a real royalty among the brute creation.

Fishing for Fun.

New York World.

If there be a time for everything this is the time for fishing—not fishing for the market, but fishing for fun. To most men fishing means hard work with a seine or dull work with a hook and line. Fishing for sport is done with a rod and reel. The ice is out of the northern lakes and streams, but their waters are cold and clear. Fish that live in them are firm, quick, pugnacious and, in their way, intelligent. The man who gets a few of them must know where they live, understand their habits, possess an outfit of approved fitness, and be expert in its use. Angling in warm waters for lazy and indifferent fish, a weary man can hardly forget business cares, for there is not enough excitement to occupy his mind. Operating in a northern lake or brook in early spring, with the assistance of a good guide, his mind is intent only upon fish. There are no anxieties of trade, no professional perplexities, no social or domestic worriments, no troubles of any kind, for a fan in whose eyes the flashing sunlight is reflected and in whose ears the reel is ringing.

Varieties

Russia occupies nearly one-sixth of the globe.

Almost no canned beef or mutton finds its way into Spain.

Of the 1,023 locomotives built by one firm last year, 197 were electric.

Aden makes ten millions cigarettes a year at a very low cost of production. Wages are sixteen cents a day.

Coal tar colors to the value of $4,655,234 were exported to the United States last year from Frankfort, Germany.

Railway passengers in and out of New York now average 654,000 daily, and it requires 3,369 trains to haul them.

News paper is made by machinery at the rate of from 150 to 400 feet a minute, acording to width and quality.

The salmon output of Alaska equals the combined catch of British Columbia, the United States proper and Japan.

An architect of Chihuahua, Mexico, has obtained a patent on a method for making concrete houses in one piece.

The oldest church building now standing in New York is St. Paul's chapel, the corner stone of which was laid in 1764.

The known petroleum areas of the country cover 8,850 square miles and the natural gas areas 10,055 square miles.

The average value of occupied farm land in Canada last year was $38.6[illegible] an acre, compared with $35.70 the year before.

In 1909 Great Britain imported 7[illegible] 406,000 pounds of rubber and exported 44,567,000 pounds, a large increase over 1908 in both.

Ice dealers are planning for the cooling of New York this summer and have on hand 4,120,000 tons of ice for the purpose.

There were fewer deaths to the thousand of population in Philadelphia last year than ever before in the city's history.

In general and electrical engineering factories in the United Kingdom more than sixteen thousand women are employed.

Balloons are usually yellow, because that color protects the rubber used as outer sheath against the disintegrating effects of light.

An aeroplane in which seamless steel tubing takes the place of wood or bamboo in the frames and planes has proved a success in Germany.

The crude rate of mortality last year in the seventy-six largest English towns, having an estimated population of 16,500,000, did not exceed 14.7 a thousand.

Though New York theater managers give their customers plenty of foreign plays, they give two from home authors where they give one that is imported.

There has been invented in Spain a cylindrical barrel for grapes, divided into four sections, to ventilate the contents and prevent them from being crushed.

Samples of Turkish tobacco grown in the Uganda protectorate, British East Africa, lost their Cavalla character, developing a new aroma and flavor of good quality.

For use in manual training schools a Wisconsin man has patented a tool chest which may be converted into a work bench by clamping it to the top of two desks.

A Pennsylvanian has applied the vacuum principle to a street cleaning wagon, powerful enough to pick up pieces of rubbish equal in size and weight to halves of bricks.

The Peruvian Indians are credited with having the greatest range of vision of all races, cases having been recorded of their distinguishing human beings eighteen miles away.

Roller skating has become popular in the Alpine cities of Switzerland, the streets being used. The same is true of Mannheim, Germany. The American skates are popular.

Homestead entries in Canada in January, 1910, were 2,698, or twice those of January, 1909. Immigration from the United States is expected to exceed 100,000 this year.

On the principle of the electric hair dryer is a new instrument brought out in Germany for treatment of rheumatism by directing currents of hot air upon the agected spot.

The production of 1,958 short tons tungsten concentrates in the United States last year established a new record for the metal. Of this amount Colorado yielded 1,401 tons.

Brazil exported about 88,000,000 lbs. of rubber in 1909, calendar year, half to Europe and half to the United States. It was the largest year's export of Brazilian rubber on record.

From Singapore over $18,000,000 worth of goods are annually shipped to the United States; yet, of the total number of [illegible] vessels entered there in 1908, only one small craft was American.

None of the monarchies of Europe, with the exception of Russia, can show a larger area than that of Texas—she possesses 57,000 square miles more of territory than the kaiser's realm.

A metal seat, hinged and suspended by chains from a window casing, has been patented by an Ohio man for window cleaners as well as for use as a shelf on which food may be placed to cool.

Persons are likely to think of Rome under Augustus as being a great city, but it was only one-fourth the size of the present New York city and its wealth was not one-twentieth as great.

A new machine gun which the United States army is testing fires more than three shots a minute, weighs only [illegible] pounds, and can be operated by two men, one loading as the other aims and fires it.

The vast enterprise for the reclamation of Mesopotamia will redeem and irrigate 12,500,000 acres. Since August last 3,500 to 4,000 laborers have been at work on the initial projects in northern Mesopotamia.

A new English motorcycle carries a small roller on each side of the frame, which can be lowered to the road when the machine is in motion to prevent side slip, or when it is stationary to save the rider from dismounting.

Plodding along a country road with a frazzled-looking mule, an old colored man was asked what the mule's name was. "I calls him Trust," he replied, "becuz he kin take mo' abuse an' pay less attention to it dan any animal dey is."

For the inflation of automobile tires a Frenchman has invented tubes containing aluminum with a small proportion of mercury bichloride. The admission of water forms hydrogen gas under pressure, which may easily be turned into the tires.

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, of Philadelphia, is the first woman to be invited to appear officially at the annual dinner of the National Civic Reform League. She was introduced by Mr. Choate and on her appearance every man present rose to his feet and applauded.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has given $500 to the Equal Suffrage Association of Washington, which enables it to have more commodious quarters in Seattle while carrying on the amendment campaign. Mrs. Catt was at one time a resident of Seattle and a leader in the equal rights movement there.

New York city had more transportation facilities with its stages of 70 years ago than it has with all of its surface, elevated and subway lines of today. The outlook is that the population will continue to grow faster than the means of transportation.

The present steam railroad mileage in continental Europe is 149,491. Russia, including the Siberian railway, leads with 40,117 miles, followed by Germany with 36,701, and France with 24,964. The general per cent of increase in 1909 was 1.1, compared with 3.6 in 1908.

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, placed the can on the counter, and said: "Sit there a moment, dear." Then, holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added: "Fill this thing up with kerosene."

Mrs. Margaret Selenka, widow of the Dutch scholar, Dr. Emil Selenka, has been chosen to lead a scientific expedition that will soon start for the Island of Java. The expedition is backed by the Dutch government and the Berlin Academy of Science. Its object is to continue the researches of Dr. Dubois.

The supply of food stuffs in Germany has only been kept up to the maximum figures by intensive agriculture, the employment of modern machinery, scientific fertilization and the employment of millions of female farm hands. The German workman pays as much as the American for his food, except potatoes, milk and vegetables.

Despite its shortness, Downing street, London, contains not only the prime minister's residence, but also the treasury, foreign office, colonial office, the office of the chancellor of the exchequer and that of the privy council. It was built on a swamp and the ground under the big houses is sown thickly with age-blackened wooden piles.

STOMACH LIVER LUNGS

Each of the chief organs of the body is a link in the Chain of Life. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, the body no stronger than its weakest organ. If there is weakness of stomach, liver or lungs, there is a weak link in the chain of life which may snap at any time. Often this so-called "weakness" is caused by lack of nutrition, the result of weakness or disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases and weaknesses of the stomach and its allied organs are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the weak or diseased stomach is cured, diseases of other organs which *seem* remote from the stomach but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, are cured also.

The strong man has a strong stomach. Take the above recommended "Discovery" and you may have a strong stomach and a strong body.

GIVEN AWAY.—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, new revised Edition, is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of wrapping and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound volume. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

BECAME RETIRED MAN ON HIS OWN FARM

A. B. Wilson, of Putman county, Illinois, is a retired farmer about 60 years of age, but he did not follow the usual custom and move to town. He retired upon his own farm, building a beautiful and elegantly furnished residence, with every modern convenience of the city, and then again he made an unique arrangement about his chores that gives him complete liberty as to his coming and going or continued absence from home at any time.

He rented the farm to a satisfactory man who had been in his employ six years. This tenant lives in the old house, a few rods in the rear of Mr. Wilson's and does all the chores except caring for the latter's team. Mr. Wilson turned over to him three good cows with the understanding that he was to milk the cows and supply all the milk and butter—the tenant's wife makes good butter—that the family needed for themselves or guests at any time, the tenant to keep the remainder.

This has proven a profitable investment for the tenant and quite satisfactory to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The milk is brought to the house each day in just such quantities as ordered.

Likewise the tenant takes full charge of the flock of chickens and returns Mr. and Mrs. Wilson one-half of the eggs and one-half of the money received for any poultry sold. Thus there is nothing to keep the Wilsons at home whenever they desire to stay away over night or to make a visit of several days or weeks. It is only necessary to let the tenant know, even by telephone, and to have him take care of the horses if left at home.

The house is supplied with hot water heat, a gasoline gas plant for lighting and cooking, two pressure tanks in the basement for furnishing hot and cold soft water and well water whenever needed in the house, and a successful sewerage system, with vitrified tile leading to a small cesspool several rods away and tile drainage for the overflow. No solid material can pass farther than this pool.

Such a large and thoroughly modern residence, with all the conveniences if built in the city, would have cost much more that the $7,000 paid for the new building and moving and repairing the old one. From laundry room and woodshed for a year's supply of cook stove wood to the large and beautifully finished rooms and chambers, the Wilsons have built just what they wanted and just as many rooms as they desired.

Mr. Wilson's farm methods and results are well worth studying. The home place contains only 160 acres. He and his brother, Oliver Wilson were the first persons to raise clover in that vicinity, and they have grown it for more than 30 years, with good results. This is one of the first places in Illinois to adopt the sowing of clover, and this crop has been grown there extensively for many years. Mr. Wilson and John Swaney, a neighbor estimate that three-quarters of all the oats ground in that vicinity is seeded with clover. The neighborhood yield of oats was 40 to 55 bushels per acre and of wheat 16 to 25 bushels.

Until two years ago Mr. Wilson fed most of his grain, keeping many hogs. Never more than 60 acres of corn and 40 acres of oats are grown. A great deal of clover seed has been saved and sold. Once he marketed three crops of clover seed from this place at one time and received in payment a check for $1,260. It was necessary to buy only 25 bushels to fill the order. Some cattle have been fed, but most of his cattle are sold from the grass. Sheep are also kept.

Mr. Wilson is in accord with Dr. Hopkins' latest clover advice, and will turn under a fine catch crop of clover about one and one-half tons per acre, which grew in the oats. About 80 bushels per acre of corn were grown on one field the second year from clover and timothy sod which had been pastured a number of years, while a neighboring 20 acres of corn yielded about half as much—another object lesson in soil fertility and good cultivation. Mr. Wilson has frequently grown 60, 70 and 80 bushels per acre of corn. A great deal of manure has been hauled onto this land, covering the entire farm several times. The clover straw is hauled back to the land. Usually just one hired man is kept.

Mr. Wilson says that most farmers of that community are taking better care of their land and that in Mgnolia township there has been an average difference of 15 or 20 bushels per acre of corn the last ten years between the production of those farmers that have taken good care of their land and the yields of those who have not kept up the soil. He favors the live stock partnership plan and knows of a number of successful instances, but he notes that many renters do not know enough about live stock to make it a success. Last year Mr. Wilson's rent corn was sold at 70 cents and the oats at 51 cents, and, estimating the hay at $7 per ton in the barn, the actual rent amounted to $11.45 per acre. It would have been much more except for the 40 acres of pasture at $4.50.

Mr. Wilson has put up ice on his farm for 20 years, 11 to 14 loads per year at 45 cents per load for the ice already sawed. The icehouse has been a very cheap shell of a building. The sawdust has been made on his own timber farm and his men simply have to haul the ice and the sawdust; if bought, the sawdust would cost only $1 a load. Hence his ice has cost him a little work at a time when it could be easily done and $5 or $6 a year. He will rebuild his icehouse, make it a little larger and put in a slanting concrete floor for better drainage. There are probably 10 such icehouses in use by the farmers of that immediate neighborhood. It is easy an cheap for the farmer thus to have plenty of ice for his refrigerator through the whole season.

WESTON PROVES GAME

Keeps on Walking After Break-Down.

Utica, N. Y., April 23.—A special from Chittenago says that Edward Payson Weston on his walk from Los Angeles to New York, collapsed on the Erie canal path two miles west of that village about 8:30 this morning, and was taken to a farm house near by, where he was put to bed.

Weston on leaving Syracuse last night took the canal tow-path as furnishing the most equal grade. He had not walked well through the night and had only proceeded about 15 miles when he was compelled to halt. Toward morning a strong east wind set in, and this is thought to have affected him. He suddenly paused in his walk and said to those who were with him that he could walk no further, sinking to the ground in exhaustion. After he was put to bed he went to sleep almost immediately.

In spite of his weakness, Mr. Weston left the farm house at one o'clock this afternoon. After resting all morning, the aged pedestrian recovered and shortly after noon announced that he was ready to go ahead. He was advised to remain during the day, but he said that he felt as well as ever, and that he wanted to reach Utica tonight and remain over Sunday in this city. It is said that his collapse was caused by something that he ate at the banquet given him in Syracuse last night. The next place at which report may be had from him is Canastota.

BURROWS WON'T QUIT

Michigan Senator Is Not Ready to Retire.

Washington, April 25.—Senator Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan, was very emphatic in his denial of a story printed in Sunday newspapers, saying that he was preparing to retire from the race for renomination for the senate. It was stated in the dispatch that sentiment against the senator was so strong that his friends had decided to hold a conference in Washington Tuesday next and endeavor to enlist the good offices of Senator Burrows' colleague, Senator William Alden Smith. Failing in this it was stated that Senator Burrows would be compelled to withdraw from the race.

The senior senator from Michigan appeared to be much amused by the story. He said that John W. Blodgett, who was named as one of the Michigan Republicans who would participate in the Washington conference, has arrived here, but not for any such purpose as was suggested in the dispatch.

"If any of your friends have been making wagers or investments under the impression that I am to retire from the race for renomination you would do well to advise them to hedge," said Senator Burrows. Senator Burrows is receiving favorable reports and appeared to be confident of the result.

Senator William Alden Smith, who was named as a party to the forthcoming conference, denied any knowledge of it and intimated that the story was a fairy tale.

A successful home garden is one that has vegetables ready for eating throughout the summer and fall.

Do not "fool around" with novelties; wait until their usefulness has been determined at the expense of someone else.

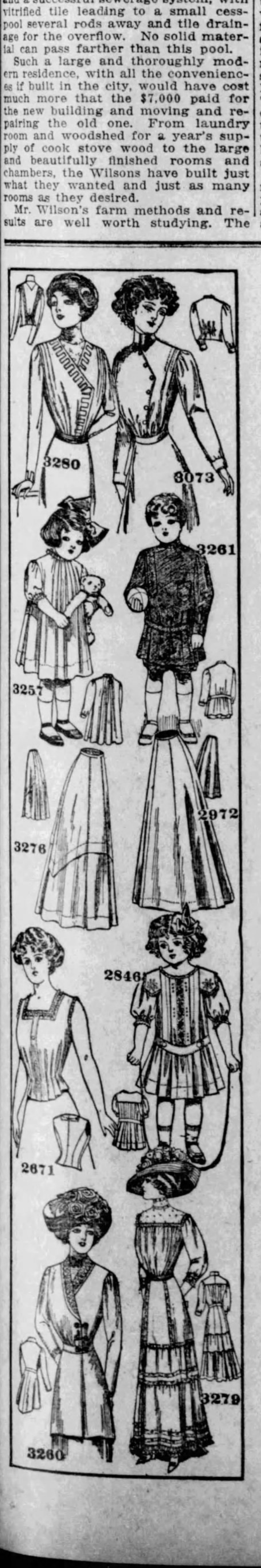
TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



3280—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Fabrics which will develop best in this style are linen, cotton poplin or silk gingham. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

3073—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A smart waist is here shown in white linen with flat pearl buttons. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3257—Child's Dress, with long or short sleeves. Lawn or challis are the best materials for this little model. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

3261—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse having sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and knickerbockers. Serge, chambray or duck are adaptable to this model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3276—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Serge, cheviot or Panama cloth will develop to advantage in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2972—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Mohair, Panama cloth or Venetian cloth are excellent materials for this model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2671—Ladies' Corset Cover, with high neck or low, square or round neck. This model will develop well in cross barred cambric, Persian lawn or nainsook. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2846—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing at left side of front and having low neck and elbow sleeves. A cool little garment is found in the one here shown developed in any summer material. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3260—Ladies' Russian Blouse Coat. This coat will develop well in any of the season's coatings. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

3279—Ladies' Dress, in semi-Princess style. Batiste was used for the development of this model. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

2689—Ladies' Shirt Waist, closing at back, with round yoke and fancy trimming piece. This is a dressy little model which will develop most attractively in messaline or soft silk. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3282—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A comfortable model developed in any of the summer shirtings. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

3277—Girls' Princess Dress. This is a most becoming dress and will develop well in challis, cashmere or linen. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3283—Child's Lingerie Jacket. A dainty design developed in embroidery, flouncing or lawn. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

3272—Ladies' One-Piece Skirt, having tunic fold. This skirt which is one of the latest in fashions will develop in homespun, foulard, mohair or serge. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

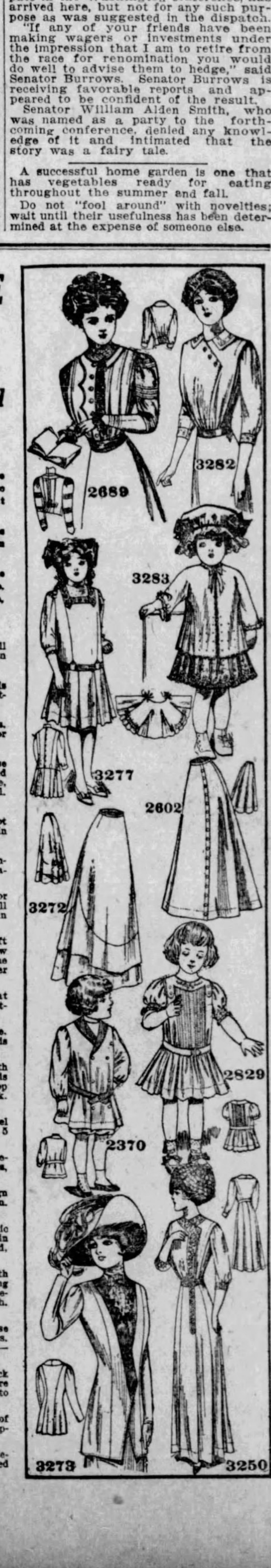
2602—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and having habit back. Material suitable for the development are mohair, cheviot or ladies' cloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2370—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield and knickerbockers. White serge was used for this suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2829—Child's One-Piece Dress, with Dutch neck and short sleeves. Challis or cashmere are excellent goods for this model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3273—Ladies' Coat, in 30-inch length. Any of the season's coatings will be good for development. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

3250—Ladies' Dress with an Attached Nine-Gored Skirt. Washable fabrics are best suited for this model. 5 sizes—34 to 42.



MARK TWAIN IS DEAD

His Last Movement Was an Effort to Write a Message.

Redding, Conn., April 22.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), beloved the world over because he made it laugh, is dead. He passed away without pain at 6:22 o'clock last evening, of angina pectoris, in his country home, Stormfield, back in the wild Camarack hills. For five hours he had been unconscious and the end was almost unnoticeable. It was simply a cessation of pulse and respiration.

At his bedside were his only living living child, Clara, who is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist; Albert Bigelow Paine, his secretary and literary executor, who was almost a son to him; Drs. Edward Quintard and Robert Halsey, the heart specialist, who had kept him alive by stimulants for nearly 24 hours, and his servants, headed by "Old Katie," who for 30 years had been his housekeeper. His last words were spoken to his daughter. What they were she only heard, for they were faint and almost inarticulate. Unable then to speak, he grasped a book pad and pencil—the instant to write something—even in the face of approaching senselessness.

He traced the words "Give me my glasses." With the spectacles adjusted he gazed at the paper, placed his pencil to it as though to put down some farewell message, then his strength waned and the writing materials slipped from his grip. He smiled wearily at his daughter; then his head sank back to the pillow and he lapsed into the coma.

Mr. Paine said last night that the book Mark Twain took up from the coverlet beside him when he asked for his glasses was Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, his inseparable companion, and greatest favorite.

There was no thought at the time, however, that the end was so near. At 5 o'clock, Dr. Robert Halsey, who had been continuously in attendance said: "Mr. Clemens is not so strong at this hour as he was at the corresponding hour yesterday, but he has wonderful vitality and he may rally again."

Mark Twain did not die in anguish. Sedatives soothed his pain, but in the moments of consciousness the mental depression persisted. On the way up from Bermuda he said to Mr. Paine, who had been his constant companion in illness:

"This is a bad job; we'll never pull through with it."

On shore once more and longing for the serenity of the New England hills, he took heart and said to those who noted his enfeeblement in sorrow: "Give me a breath of Redding air once more and this will pass," but it did not pass and tired of body and weary of spirit the old warrior against shams and snobs said faintly to his nurses:

"Why do you fight to keep me alive? Two days of life are as good to me as four."

The death of H. H. Rogers, a close friend, was a severe blow to the author. The death of his daughter, Jean, who was seized with an attack of epilepsy last fall while in her bath was an added blow from which he never recovered. It was then that the stabbing pains in the heart began. Mark Twain died as truly as it can be said of any man of a broken heart.

When he heard of the successive deaths of his two friends, William M. Laffan of the Sun, and R. W. Gilder, editor of the Century, he said sadly: "How fortunate they are; no good fortune of that kind ever comes to me." Life had no further allures for him.

For years Mark Twain had been an inveterate smoker and the first conjecture of the laymen would be that he had weakened his heart by overindulgence in tobacco. Dr. Halsey said last night that he was unable to predicate that the angina pectoris from which Mark Twain died was in any way a sequel of nicotine poisoning. Some constitutions, he said, seem immune from the effects of tobacco. This was one of them. Yet it is true that since his illness began the doctors had cut down Mark Twain's daily allowance of 20 cigars and countless pipes to four cigars a day.

No deprivation was a greater sorrow to him. He tried to smoke on the steamer while returning from Bermuda and only gave it up because he was too feeble to draw on his pipe. Even on his death bed, when he had passed the point of speech and it was no longer certain that his ideas were lucid, he would make the motion of waiving a cigar and smiling expel empty air from under the mustach still stained with smoke.

The last bit of literary work he did was a chapter of his unfinished autobiography, describing his daughter Jean's death. He sought diversion in Bermuda, where he was the guest of the American vice consul, William H. Allen, whose young daughter, Helen, acted as amanuensis for what few letters he cared to dictate.

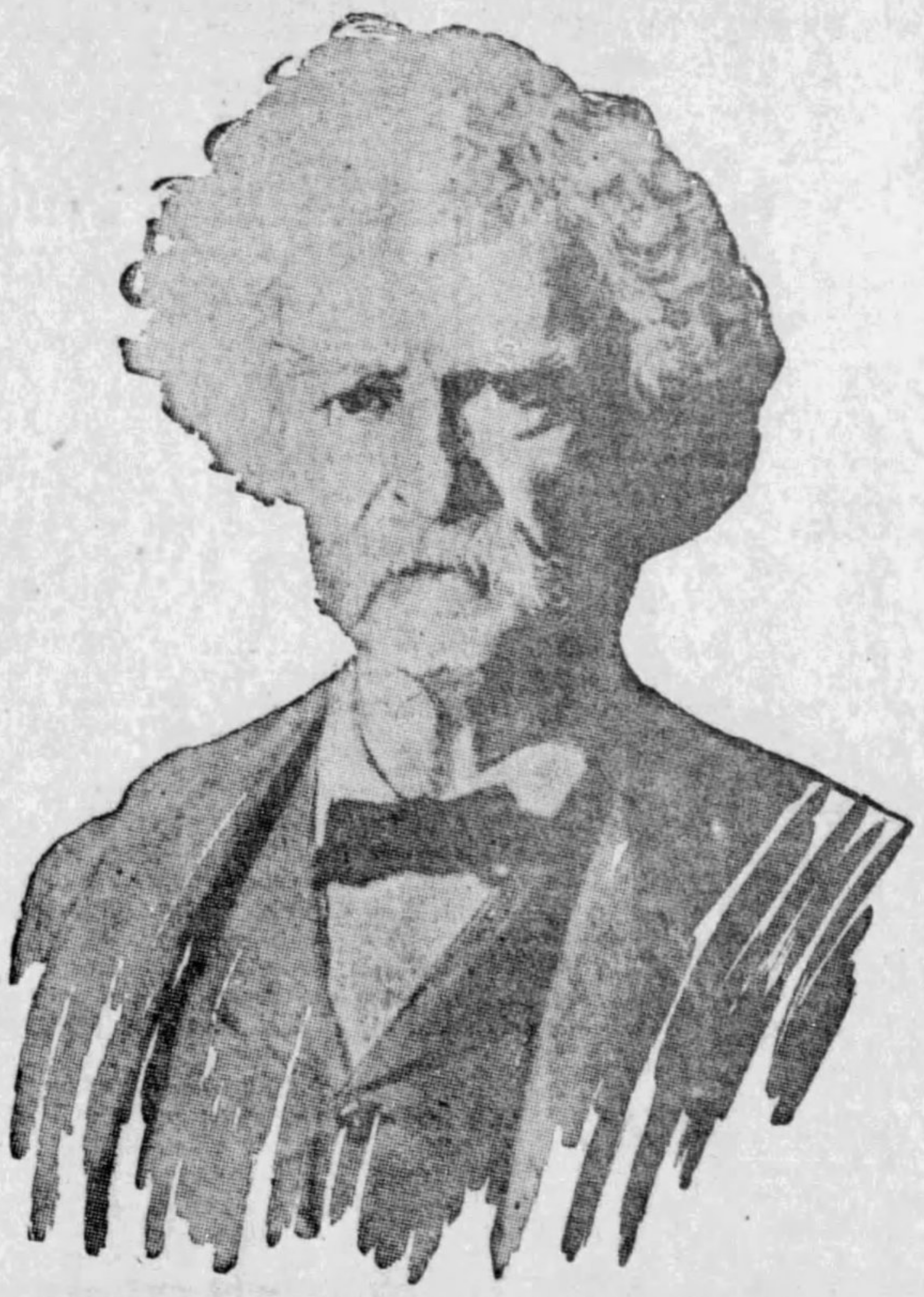
Mr. Paine said today that Mark Twain had put his affairs in perfect order and that he died well off although by no means a rich man. He leaves a considerable number of unfinished manuscripts in all stages of completion and of all characters, many of them begun years ago and put aside as unsatisfactory. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch will aid Mr. Paine in the final decision as to what use shall be made of these.

News of the author's death did not reach the countryside until the morning papers brought it up from the city. Expressions of grief were then heard on all sides, for Mark Twain was not only personally dear to his close friends, but he was generous to his large acquaintance, shared the beauties of his handsome new home with the neighborhood, and took a lively interest in the affairs of the town. Several of his neighbors who stood very close to him in life were permitted by an old country custom to view the body as it lay in the carven bed. Mr. Clemens did much of his work in bed, and in death he still seemed a part of the surroundings of his active life. Ranged about him were his books. Beside him was his tabouret set with a tobacco jar, a collection of pipes, a stand of cigars, and matches in abundance. Above his head was a reading lamp. In the old days he had heartily cursed all chambermaids because of their hostile ideas of tidiness.

"They always put the pillow on the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner," he wrote, "so that while you read and smoked before sleeping as is the ancient and honorable custom of bachelors, you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position to keep the light from dazzling your eyes. If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position in any other way, they move the bed. They always put your books into inaccessible places. They always put the matchbox in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle or other perishable glass things where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing. They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you have thrown on the floor and stand them up carefully on the table and start the fire with your valuable manuscripts."

In later years, when successive sorrows descended heavily upon him, Mark Twain had been spared all such discomforts. He lay today among all the luxuries of disorder he loved. Death, that stamps some faces with indignity, has left nothing but nobility on his. There were no lines of pain, no hint of sadness—nothing but a large and serene benignity.

Noble Life Is Ended



Mark Twain's Life Reviewed

Born near Hannibal, Mo., November 30, 1835.

Left school to work as "devil" in his brother's printing office in Hannibal when 12 years old.

Worked as an itinerant printer in different cities in the middle west.

Became a pilot's apprentice on the Mississippi river, under the direction of Capt. Horace Bixby, of St. Louis.

Served a few weeks in the Confederate army and went west with his brother Orion, who had been appointed secretary of the territory of Nevada.

Worked in Nevada mining camps and as corresupondent and writer for the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise and the Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

Published his first book, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, in March, 1867.

Made famous by The Innocents Abroad, published in 1869.

Married in 1870 to Miss Olivia L. Langdon, of Elmira, N. Y., whom he met while on a cruise in the Mediterranean, and who died in Florence, Italy, in 1904.

Organized the C. L. Webster Publishing Co. in 1884 and lost almost his entire fortune through the firm's failure in 1894.

Given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Oxford university, England, in 1907.

Retired to his villa, "Stormfield," near Redding, Conn., in 1908, to live with his daughters, Clara and Jean.

Journeyed to Bermuda late in 1909 and returned broken in health and spirit. He failed rapidly after the sudden death of his daughter Jean, December 24, 1909.

ALL OF HIS STORIES HAVE BEEN BIG SELLERS

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835, but he was brought up in Hannibal, Mo., on the banks of the Mississippi, where as a boy he came to love the life of the river. At 13 he learned typesetting and for three years he followed that business, wandering about from place to place, as the custom of printers then was, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York being among the places he thus got early acquainted with. In 1851 his love for the river drew him homeward again and he became a pilot on the Mississippi, being then only 16 years old. This business he followed with the utmost happiness and content for ten years—that is, until the outbreak of the war in 1861. The war having destroyed the river traffic, his occupation was gone and the world seemed at an end for him. However, he had a brother who was secretary of the territory of Nevada. He therefore went to Nevada and became clerk to his brother. But he soon fell into newspaper work and for a time was local editor of the Virginia City Enterprise.

It was in this paper that his first sketches appeared. Afterward he went to San Francisco, where besides doing newspaper work he made some reputation for himself as a lecturer. Then he spent some time in the Sandwich Islands. In 1867 he worked his way eastward again, coming at last as far as New York, where he found a publisher for his first book, The Jumping Frog and Other Stories. The turning point in his life then came. Toward the close of that year an excursion party of Americans was formed to visit Europe and the Holy Land, making the trip in a specially chartered ship, the Quaker City. Mr. Clemens joined the party as a newspaper correspondent. His letters to the press descriptive of the trip attracted the attention of a Mr. Bliss, a publisher in Hartford. The result was The Innocents Abroad, published in 1869. Mark Twain was then famous. And ever since that great "hit" (with the exception of the business failure above referred to) his life has been but a continuous sequence of good fortune. It has also been singularly happy. His marriage (in 1870) was a love match and his domestic experience has been in everything save the sad death of his little son the realization of a lover's dream. And his home in Hartford has been known in two continents as one of ideal hospitality. The good fortune and the happiness have been alike deserved and the hospitality is but the outward manifestation of the inner feeling of a heart that is known to be full of love and kindness for everybody and everything.

PAY LAST HONOR TO LOVED AUTHOR

New York, April 23.—Services as simple as his wholesome life attended the tributes paid here today to Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), author, humorist, philosopher and citizen of the world.

New York city was but a stopping place in the dead author's last journey, as his body was brought here from his home at Redding, Conn., where he died, to be taken to Elmira, N. Y., for burial. But it was here that chiefest expression was to be found of the loving regard in which Mark Twain was held by the American people and that fullest opportunity to do his memory honor was afforded.

The brick Presbyterian church at Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street was the place selected for the funeral services this afternoon, and two close friends of Samuel L. Clemens in life were chosen to voice the grief of the throng at his death and to speak the eulogies echoed by the heart throbs of thousands.

This honor fell to the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, formerly pastor of the brick church and now professor of English literature at Princeton University, and Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell, of Hartford, a city for 17 years the author's home.

Although the Brick church seats 1,200 persons, it was by no means large enough to contain all who had desired to see for the last time the face of Mark Twain. To ensure that all those who rightly claimed the privilege should obtain it, cards of invitation to the number of 400 were issued with the understanding that when these had been presented the doors would be open to the general public. After the services, it was announced, the opportunity would be given for those outside to enter the church and file past the plain mahogany coffin in which the body of the dead humorist has been placed.

In keeping with the known sentiments of Mr. Clemens, there will be no vocal music and no pall bearers. Two organ selections brief prayers and the few words of eulogy will constitute the service.

Mark Twain's sympathies were catholic and his circle of friends embraced both the high and lowly. Many men who knew him in public and in private life will attend the services.

These will include representatives from the Rotos, the Author's and the Players' clubs, prominent publishers and editors, eminent members of the bench and bar, and literary men and women of note.

After the services the body will be placed on a train and taken to Elmira, where a second service, as simple as the first, will be conducted Sunday afternoon. The burial will be in the Clemens' plot in the Elmira cemetery where Mrs. Clemens and the children are buried.

Within the next ten days public opportunity will be given for the numbers unable to attend the services today to show their respect for Mr. Clemens. This will be at a memorial service arranged by many well known men who cherish the memories of years of friendship with the author. The program of this meeting will include brief addresses by admirers of Mr. Clemens' humor and wisdom.

Body Clad in White Flannel.

Redding, Conn., April 23.—The body of Samuel L. Clemens was brought from his late home, Stormfield, this forenoon and placed on the train which bore it to New York. The body, clad in a suit of white flannel, was enclosed in a mahogany casket upon which was the plate:

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS,
MARK TWAIN, 1910.

Accompanying the hearse to the station rode Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch in a coach, which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens at the time of their marriage. In other carriages were the servants of the household. At the railroad station many of the village people had gathered, including members of the literary club in which Mr. Clemens had taken a great interest. Ther also was Daniel Beard, the naturalist, who had risen early, and going out upon the hill, which is in full view of Stormfield, had gathered branches of laurel which he wove into a large wreath. This was the only floral tribute on the casket.

IS LAID TO REST AMID EVERGREENS

Elmira, N. Y., April 25.—Under a tent on the grassy slope of the Langdon plot in Woodlawn cemetery, with rain beating fiercely against the canvas cover, a little group of mourners silently watched as the body of Samuel L. Clemens was lowered to an evergreen lined grave beside the bodies of his wife and children.

The Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, pastor of Park church, and a close friend of the late humorist, conducted a brief and simple service, and Mark Twain's final pilgrimage was at an end. Today he lies sleeping under a grave piled high with flowers, the tributes of friends from far and near.

There were present at the grave only members of the family party, who came from New York with the body, a former governess of the Clemens family, two of her friends, the sexton and a half dozen newspapermen.

Where He Was Married.

Services had previously been held at the residence of General Charles J. Langdon, where 40 years ago Mark Twain married the general's sister. In keeping with Mr. Clemens' wish the ceremony was simple. There were no music, no honorary pallbearers—just the brief address and prayer by Dr. Eastman.

The body lay in state in the very parlor where the marriage of 40 years ago was held and some of those who attended the wedding were there yesterday to look for the last time upon the face of their friend. Neither the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher nor the Rev. Joseph Twitchell, who performed the wedding ceremony, was present, however. Mr. Beecher died several years ago and Mr. Twitchell was called to Hartford by the serious illness of his wife, who died yesterday morning.

The services at the house were public, but the attendance was not large. Besides the funeral party which accompanied the body from Redding, the little gathering included only a few relatives and old friends.

After the little group had looked for the last time upon the features of the dead the coffin was closed and it was borne to a waiting hearse. Outside a few curious onlookers stood in the rain as the procession started on its way to the cemetery, a mile or more away.

Place of Happy Memories.

Residents of Elmira cherish fond memories of Mark Twain. With Mrs. Clemens and the children he had spent many happy summers at Quarry farm, on East Hill, overlooking the city, the home of Mrs. Susan L. Crane, Mrs. Clemens' sister, who was one of those who mourned yesterday.

It was during the Quaker City expedition in 1867, which Mark Twain has immortalized in The Innocents Abroad, that the humorist met General Langdon, then a young man, the son of Jarvis Langdon, a distinguished and wealthy Elmiran. Langdon took kindly to young Clemens, and the intimacy which grew out of the meeting led to marriage of the author with Olivia L. Langdon.

"I saw her first," wrote Twain of his wife in his autobiography, "in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom in the steamer Quaker City in the bay of Symrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last of her life."

Over Mrs. Clemens' grave along-since the fresh made one yesterday stands a stone engraved with this epitaph:

Warm summer sun,
  Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind,
  Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
  Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart,
  Good night, good night.

AMERICANS DO LOVE CANDY

Astonishing Increase in Its Manufacture and Capital Employed.

Boston Transcript.

Fifty years ago the candy of the country was almost invariably hard and coarse, and much of it unwholesome. Now the making of it has become a fine art and the wizard of concoction and flavoring has a fortune at his command. Pure candy, in moderate quantities, is no longer regarded as a menace to the healthy stomach. It has been sent to the American soldiers at Manila and to British soldiers in the Transvaal, while we have a recent unconfirmed tradition that the lure of the gumdrop will enlist an Eskimo in almost any service. As candy takes its place among the articles that go to make up high living, we may assume that its consumption, even per capita, is steadily on the increase. To know just how much of it we are eating at the present time we must await the new census figures. Not since 1905 have we had official information to guide us, and subsequent developments must be largely guess work.

But between 1900 and 1905 the candy factories of the country increased from 947 to 1,348, considerably more than 40 per cent. The capital invested, however, more than doubled, and the value of the finished product increased nearly 50 per cent. The government estimate of the value of the entire production of big and little factories five years ago was over $116,000,000, and this did not include "fudge" parties, old-fashioned candy pulls and similar activities of amateur confectioners. In the last government census 14 cities are put down as manufacturing more than half the candy made in the United States. Greater New York naturally stands first, Philadelphia second, Chicago third and Boston fourth, though Cambridge has the honor of standing twelfth, coming in ahead of Atlanta and Cleveland. Boston's position is an honorable one, and for quality it might well be put at the front, because it is no unusual thing for New York people to send to this city when something particularly choice is desired.

The Comet.

The Comet! He is on his way,
  And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
  The spectre of the skies;
Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,
  And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
  Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
  He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
  He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
  Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
  And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
  And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
  Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
  Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
  In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
  The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
  Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
  Were armed with goggles green;
Pop, cracked the guns! whiz, flew the balls!
  Bang, went the magazine!

I saw the poet dip a scroll
  Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
  "The Dream of Belzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
  Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
  To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
  The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke like waterspouts
  Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
  Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
  The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
  Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
  Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
  Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
  Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
  Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
  Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
  Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
  I had been rash in mine.

Strange sights, strange sounds, O fearful dream!
  Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
  That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger, if through thy reeling brain
  Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening meal,
  And sweet shall be thy sleep!

—Written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1835.

United States Capital in Canada.

New York Commercial.

According to information received from the statistical bureau of the state department it is disclosed that the American investments in Canada, nearly all of which are in the western part of the country and do not include the large number of manufacturing branches established and now being located in Ontario, have reached the large sum of $226,800,000. Our investments in Cobalt silver mines and other mines in the eastern districts are not included in these figures, nor are our holdings of Canadian government, municipal and corporation bonds. The enormous aggregate is divided as follows:

168 companies, average capital $600,000	$100,800,000
Investments in British Columbia mills and timber	50,000,000
Investments in British Columbia mines	50,000,000
Land deals in Alberta, etc.	10,000,000
Investments in lumber and mines in Alberta	5,000,000
Packing plants	5,000,000
Implement distributing houses	4,000,000
Land deals in British Columbia	2,000,000
Total	$226,800,000

Among the numerous capitalists who are going into Canada are the United States steel corporation, the Standard Oil Co. and the Guggenheim interests, with their Morgan backing. While much of the money that these people are taking across the line is put into mines and timber, large sums are also invested in commercial enterprises. Implement manufacturers from Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio and Iowa have enormous branch establishments at a number of strategic points throughout the Canadian grain belt. They do an immense business in harvesting machines, binder twines and threshing outfits.

There is in these vital facts an incontrovertible argument in favor of reciprocity with Canada. And there is another argument equally potent in the significant fact that Canadian banks have at this moment on deposit in the banks of New York more than $200,000,000. There are many more such facts that the Commercial intends to present showing the utter inconsistency, not to say folly, of imposing onerous tariff restrictions upon Canada.

WOODROW WILSON IS GLAD

New York, April 23.—Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is glad Senators Aldrich and Hale are going to retire. He said so last night as he addressed the gathering in the Methodist church at Ridgewood, N. J.

"We are told," said Mr. Wilson, "that some of the senators who are leaders in the United States senate are about to retire. I hope this so. Their places as leaders will be taken by gentlemen from parts we call the middle-west. From this region, our new leaders are to come. The point of view is to shift."

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MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

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Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

NOW is the time when the woman or the man who conducts a woman's page in a newspaper, or edits a woman's magazine, falls to and tells with much wisdom how to, and how not to clean house.

Whisper! Half of them, probably more than the half of them, never cleaned house in their lives, but in the spring o' the year, housecleaning being a timely topic, it is always dilated upon and correspondence lessons in the art are given.

Housecleaning, as it is now preached and practiced, is no longer a capital punishment for those who have not this duty to perform, but happen to live in its midst, at least, it is not made so by women who have become softened and civilized. The general tear-up of everything all together, is no longer a housewifely habit and custom. One room at a time, or at the most two, is the usual rule, showing that after all, the theories propounded and expounded by those who wish to assist in making homes happy, have taken root and brought forth good fruit.

In spite of this modern inprovement, however, housecleaning still remains a bugbear to the men. They cannot be made to see the use of it, and leave home, if possible, while the cleaning is going on.

"It's nonsense, anyway," they declare. "Why don't you keep the house clean all the year round, then you needn't have this fuss and hubbub every spring."

Now one thing every woman knows who has had housecleaning experience, is that sweep and dust as she may all the year round, when spring comes, the house needs cleaning, just the same. It is as if it had never been touched with a broom or scrubbing brush, and the wonderment is where all the dirt comes from, so in spite of the protests from the men folks, cleaning has to be, and is done.

The attitude of men towards cleaning is one of the funny things of life, unless women take their grumblings too seriously and feel hurt because of their complaints. A sense of humor at cleaning time is a good thing to have in the family, in truth, it is a good thing to have at all times. If crossness is not taken seriously, why the cross one loses his or her fun and gets pleasant, just to be contrary.

I know a man, who regularly every year, gets up an excitement over a box of birds' eggs he keeps on a shelf in his clothes closet. He has had this collection of eggs since his boyhood, and they may not be disturbed without incurring his dire displeasure. He knows if the box is moved a hair's breadth, and he lets it be known that he knows. Likewise, he lets it be known in a loud tone of voice.

Another thing men seem to hate to have touched, is their shoes. If you value your peace of mind, touch not nor disturb nor change about HIS footgear, no matter in how outlandish a place according to a woman's point of view, it may be kept when not working. None see the same things in the same way, and there is one liberty a man should be allowed in his own home, and that is to keep his shoes where he pleases, no matter what the neighbors may say. Your home is your castle, you know.

Of course there men and men. Some are distinguished by meekness and mildness when it comes to matters at home, but there are some who are not, and it is these men of wrath who must be placated, soothed and calmed down when occasion and peace demand.

Over things that carry the danger signal, are the business papers belonging to HIMSELF, and he chances to keep them at home. Touch them not, unless you lose your self-control and cannot resist the temptation to put them in order and remove layers of dust. In case of this, be as wiley as a fox and put them back exactly where you found them, if you can, and without too much order in evidence. Having done this, the chances are in favor of your crime being discovered and punished.

There is a man who gets low in his mind every day, because his housekeeper insists upon arranging symetrically on his table, the books he keeps around, ready for browsing amongst. He wants them flung about, careless like, left where he has dropped them, sometimes opened at a page he has been reading, and where he may want to read again. But so, his housekeeper has a keen sense of order. She is rather set in her ways, so each day the books are neatly and precisely arranged, according to her fancy, thereby causing their owner much anguish and irritation.

Men seem to like clean disorder. I have never found them partial to dust, soot, or cobwebs, but they want these removed when they are not looking, and without having to know that cleaning is going on.

"What you don't know, you can't worry about.'

This applies to men and their aversion to housecleaning, as well as to other things. Some of them will "get in" and help if they are driven to it, but this species is rare and not to be found every day. Women who have one of these treasures in the house should rejoice and be glad.

The particular theory I have to expound in case of housecleaning, is to do it as unobtrusively as possible, and with as little disturbance as possible of HIS personal possessions. One should be open and above board about everything, but when it comes to housecleaning sisters, sneak it on the men folks if you can, and forget to talk it in their presence.

"WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW, YOU CAN'T WORRY ABOUT," applies to HIMSELF in this case.

Come to think it over, it may be I am a little late with this for the forhanded ones who clean house before the frost is out of the ground, but if it strikes you as being of any value, you can cut it out and save it for future reading.

WHEN traveling on the electric railroad, which runs east out of Toledo to Fremont, Sandusky and Cleveland, one passes through a level country of fertile fields and meadows green, with here and there a patch of wooded ground which gives pleasant variety to the landscape.

A few days ago, the green of the woods held the contrast of pink color from the bloom of the red bud or ironwood which were in such full and brilliant blossom, they gleamed almost like jewels. It was a summer scene, though the next day it snowed, and I know not how the bloom of the red bud trees may have fared. Thus does the weather occasionally play tricks in northern Ohio.

A few miles out of Toledo, standing close to the path of this electric railroad, is a low-set house, painted yellow, with paint that looks fresh and new. It is just a plain house of two stories. It has no blinds, but there are white trimmings around the doors and windows, wherever white trimmings do the most good, in relieving a blank appearance. There are trees around the house, and, the day I saw it, there were a few patches of freshly-turned soil, shaped in squares and ovals which told of flower gardens to be in the near future. There was a small pond in the background, whose waters were as smooth as glass, and of the color of the blue sky they mirrored.

It takes far longer to write and read the picture than it did to see it. This was done in the space of time it took the car to whiz by it.

The "high light" of the picture, the thing which drew my attention to the house and its outdoor accessories, was the sign over the front door. It was a conspicuous sign board, painted white, and lettered with large letters. "SWEET HOME" I read, and immediately the words awakened my interest. That sign looked good to me. Someway, it gave a warmer color to the entire picture, and made the place seem what it was labeled

I do not know who lives there, or what kind or manner of people they may be, but this I do know, I liked their sign and symbol, and the SWEET HOME gave a cheerful touch to the scenry.

NO MORE WRINKLES

BEAUTIFUL BUST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Let this woman send you free full particulars, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

Mme. Cunningham is the only beauty culturist in the world who sends out beauty outfits and treatments to thousands of women everywhere to try. She does this at her own expense and without one penny cost. Thousands of women may obtain this wonderful Beauty Treatment and Outfit by merely writing her.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine her joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to quickly remove wrinkles.
How to develop the bust.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to instantly remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to quickly remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite 321, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

The morning light of the Spirit is gently folding love and blessedness into the hearts of all earth's children who worship in spirit and in truth.—Ruby, Kentucky.

MONDAY

My life is very pleasant and much more so as I count my many blessings.—M. F., Indiana.

TUESDAY

Carry a cheerful face if possible, for a smile helps more than one can know.—A Happy Mountaineer, North Carolina.

WEDNESDAY

Why not think of and treat the sterner sex as brothers, comrades and friends? Begin right at home and see if you canont get in closer touch with some one whom you may now be sadly neglecting. — Knickerbocker Cynic, New York.

THURSDAY

Let us chum with our children. Let them know that we love them. It will pay.—Dora Holt, Indiana.

FRIDAY

One never gets anywhere quarreling alone. It takes two to do harm.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Virginia.

SATURDAY

Above us is always the all-embracing sky, typical of God's love.—Aunt Florence, Ohio.

Children's Letters

Hello, Girls and Boys:—I want to join your circle, and if you do not welcome me, I think I shall join it, anyway. I am 13 years old. I am the eldest in the family. I have three sisters and two brothers. Babe of Wisconsin, I enjoyed your letter so much. I guess because we are about the same age. I am a preacher's daughter, and my home is in the oldest state in the union. I am in school and I enjoy it. We have a large creek running by our house and we have a fine time bathing in it in summer. I must stop before I take up too much space. With the best wishes for The Blade, I will sign my name:—Virginia Violet.

My home is in St. Cloud, Florida. It is called the Old Soldier Colony. I am a little girl, nine years old, and I have a lot of dear, little playmates. We go to the lake when there is no school. There is a real sail boat on the lake. There is soon to be a steamer to carry passengers, and then we will have a fine ride. We do not have to stay home from school because it is cold here, or in doors when it snows, for it never snows, but oh my, how it does rain sometimes!

I wish all the little girls that read the letters in the good, old Blade, could spend the winters here. There are so many things I would like to tell about. I will tell about the birds and flowers sometime. Good bye friends.—Miss Florida Aligator.

Dear Old Blade:—You have been a welcome visitor to our home for a number of years, and as I read the letters from the little folks, I thought I would write a little letter, too. I am a little girl, 7 years old. I live on a farm of 200 acres and go to school nearly every day in the little town of Vinton. I like to go to school to learn. My teacher is Miss Mae Evans. I am in the second grade. Our farm is on Raccoon river, and our house is on its bank. What a delight to wade in the water in the summer time and pick up shells and smooth gravels, and go skating on the ice in the winter. Best wishes to all.—Katie Belle Glenn, Ohio.

THE KINDERGARTEN METHOD

Everybody's Magazine.

"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's. "Now, what comes after G?"

"Whiz."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

A TRAVEL TALE

I thought, perhaps, some of The Blade readers would enjoy a description in brief of our trip in the northwest last summer. We started from 35 miles above Lewiston, Idaho, up the Clearwater, with three covered wagons, 26 horses, 17 head of cattle and a party of 10 persons, for Matsqui, British Columbia, not far from Vancouver. We camped out all the way. We had tents, but cooked over an open fire. We rested each Sunday wherever we happened to be. First, we went through a part of the famous Palouse county, then through the equally famous Big Bend country. We camped a day at Soap lake, named on most maps, Alkali lake. The state maintains a large sanitarium there. The town is small, but there is a great deal going on. The lake is about five miles long and two miles wide. The water is blue and sparkling, but oh, the taste is something terrible, though many people both drink and bathe in it, and some wonderful cures are reported. You never see waterfowl on the water; neither is there fish or other animal life in it. When the wind blows, great piles of suds form on the bank, sometimes ten feet high. Only about one-half mile away is a fresh-water lake that abounds in water fowl and fish. They make salts, hair tonic, salve, liniment, soap and such things of the water, besides drinking it.

Then we went on over the Badger mountains, a low range east of the Columbia river, then down Moses Coulee, where we saw some fine scenery and great, towering rocks of many colors. When we came to the Columbia river, we had to camp for a day, as the wind was too high to cross the ferry. We went on the next three days up the Columbia river, past Penatchee, and up the Penatchee valley. This valley is a fine one, and, as it is strictly an irrigated country, there are some fine orchards and beautiful homes all the way.

Next we crossed what is called a spur of the Cascades. We went up and up. One grade is five miles long, without a place where one can turn out to pass another team. We sent a man ahead to warn anyone not to start down till we were up. It is hundreds of feet of straight ascent, or nearly so, and the same down, to a wild, rocky creek. Then came the mining town of Blewett. It was booming 35 or 40 years ago, but of late it is rather dying out. From there it was a steady climb till we reached the top, then all at once the road ran nearly straight down, though there is a good road all the way to the valley.

Next is the town of Cle Elum, a mining town, too. This is a nice valley, which is wide and filled with scattering timber. After this is Easton, the last town this side of the mountains. Here we laid in our final supplies for the trip across. Next comes Lake Keechelus. The government has a large dam there to furnish water in the dry season for the Yakima valley. They are building a fine automobile road across the mountains, but it will be long before they have it done. They had a large gang of convicts working on it when we were there.

The dam has caused the water to cover the old road, so one has to cross the lake on a scow, drawn by a gasoline launch. The lake is large and deep, something over five miles long and two wide. It is almost entirely surrounded by steep, high, timbered mountains. We camped at the lake three days. After crossing, we went on for miles over creeks, hills, and very bad roads, steadily climbing higher, till at last we reached the divide at Snoqualmie pass. Then it was down again, and then a long way of up and down over steep hills and roads indescribably bad. They are all corduroy and loose at that, so it is very difficult to haul heavy loads.

At last we came to North Bend, the first town west of the mountains. From there on, the roads are good all the way to the line. The next place of special interest is Snoqualmie Falls. The road passes within 200 feet of the falls. They are lovely and have a sheer fall of 250 feet to solid rock, where the water dashes into foam. Especially interesting to us was Bellingham Bay. As we had never seen salt water we enjoyed the sight very much.

I picked up a good many things on the trip. One in particular was some wood from the top of the Cascades. My husband was hunting for something dry to start a fire with, as it had been raining for almost a week. Well, he found a log. It was almost as porous as a sponge, but there, where everything else was so wet, it was perfectly dry. We used some to start the fire and it burned almost like tinder. An old miner told us that it never gets wet through, and a fire can always be built from it. We brought a large piece with us, it is such strange wood. Another thing that was especially interesting to me was the great variety of fungus growth in the mountains, and the immense trees. The strange vines and creepers afford a never-ending delight to one who cares for such things. I hope more of our writers will send descriptive letters, as I enjoy them very much. With sincere regards for you all.—Mrs. P. H. Cosner, Washington.

ODDS AND ENDS

As it is again house cleaning time, and there will be the usual amount of odds and ends of clothing that you want to dispose of, let me ask you to look them over carefully. Anything that will wear, and pay for the time spent in reconstructing, should be washed and hung out in the sun to dry; the rest should be sorted into patches, carpet rags and paper rags. The latter brings three-fourths of a cent per pound. If you do not want to bother with them yourself, you can give them to the paper-rag man as a present. The things to be made over should be laid one side until the hurry is done with, then invite some of your friends in and fix up clothing for some of the poor children you know of. Put them in order, even to the buttons and button holes, and never again give a poor neighbor a load of old clothes she has no time to fix, while you congratulate yourself for being charitable and for cleaning out your closets at the same time.

It is an excellent plan to give a few ready to wear garments made of new cloth, to some poor mother who has no time to sew and cannot afford to hire. Cast your bread on the waters. It will come floating back some day. Very truly yours,—Lottie B., Pennsylvania.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Winter came back and shook its fist at us during the past week. We are sure now, that the worst is over and not yet to come.

Ladies and kind sirs, we are receiving some very good letters for this page. Many thanks for your interest and helpfulness. This is a family circle, you know.

One of our members wants a recipe for baked beans. Some one please send it along. Boston and otherwise.

Letters to which we have recently said "How do you do?" are from Knicker Bocker, Mrs. E. E. B., The West Virginia Bird, Little Mamma, and Mrs. Avicia Lanhead, Lee Gray and Content.

When everything seems to pile up in a heap, leave the heap for a few minutes. Go and look at your garden, or poke in the ground, or watch the leaves blowing on the trees and you'll see when you go back to work that the work comes easier.

Sign your real names to your letters, write Household Editor on the envelope somewhere, and keep up your subscriptions, if you please.—Elizabeth.

THE WINDOW FLOWER GARDEN

IT WILL soon be time for putting out the window boxes, which enjoy a growing popularity and add gaiety to summer scenery. In the cities, brick and stone are robbed of their glare and beautified by the window flower gardens and they are equally things of beauty in the small towns and country, even when there is open ground in plenty to plant with flowers.

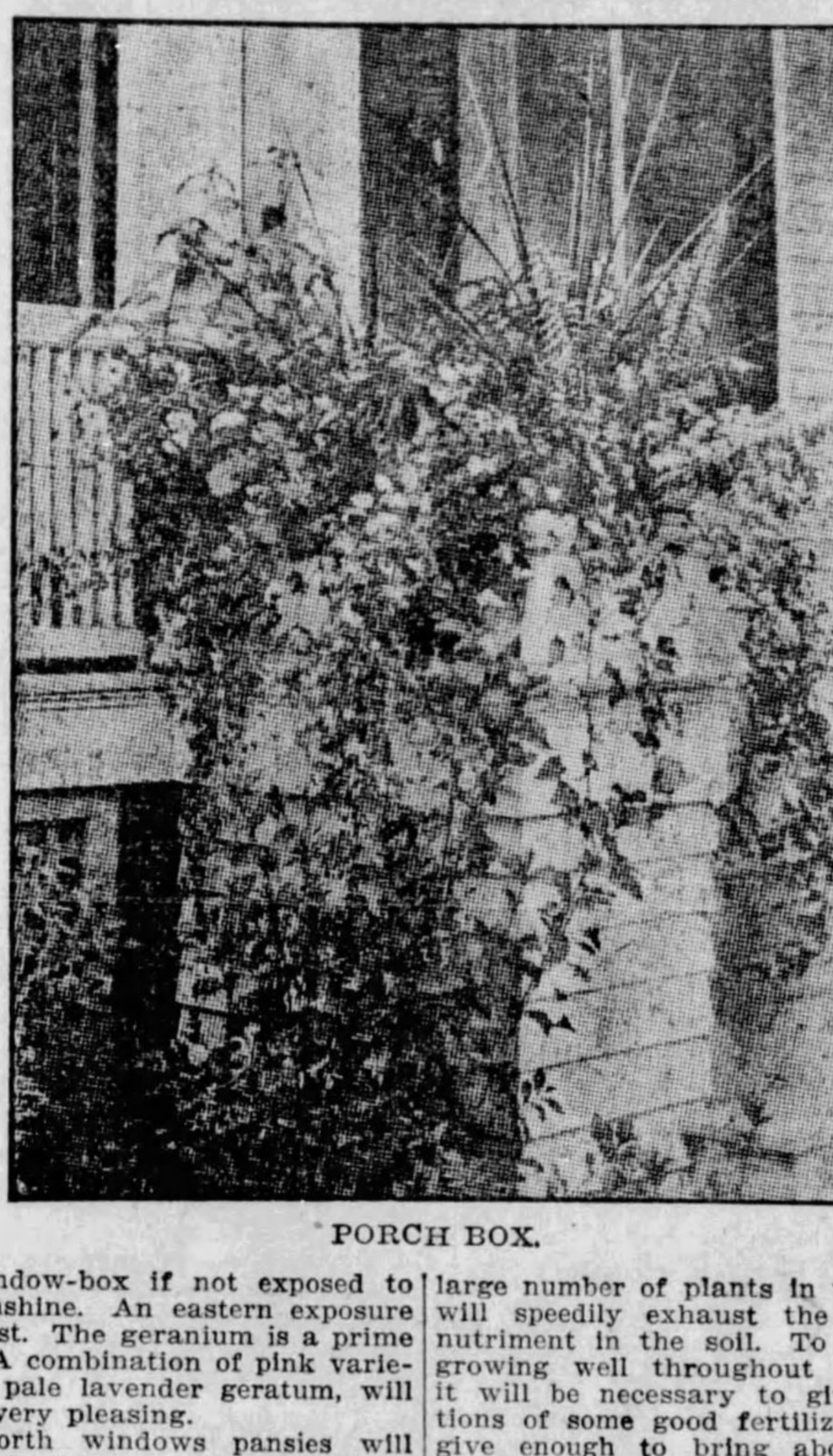
A few directions regarding the care of the plants in these window boxes may be of assistance in preventing them from being blighted in their youth, as it so often happens. The directions for their care are taken from Eben E. Rexford's pleasant book on Indoor Gardening, which is published by The Lippincott's, in Philadelphia. Mr. Rexford is authority on flowers "and such," and here is what he has to say about window boxes and the plants that will thrive in them the best.

Because of the exposure of the window-box on all sides, moisture evaporates very rapidly from the soil in it. Those who are used to caring for plants grown in pots on the window sill are under the impression that a large application is not necessary for those in the box, therefore water is applied in limited quantity and the result is that the soil on the surface seems moist enough, while examination would show that two or three inches below the surface is really dry. In such a soil the roots of the plant cannot flourish and, as a natural consequence, failure, either complete or comparative, results. The misleading appearance of the surface soil is the rock upon which nine out of ten window-box gardeners find shipwreck.

"The fact is, every such box should be given at least a pailful of water daily, while nearly all get only a quart or two. You must keep all the soil moist, at all times, if you expect your plants to develop roots in it. Keep this in mind, and water accordingly and there is no reason why just as healthy plants cannot be grown in a window-box as in the garden beds. To sum up, liberal watering is the secret of successful window-box gardening.

"Not all plants are adapted to this phase of gardening. What is wanted is something that develops rapidly. If it is a flowering plant it must be a profuse and constant bloomer. Many of our annuals are excellent for this purpose. The petunia blooms freely and throughout the entire season, if prevented from perfecting seed.

"The nasturtium is another most excellent plant for window-box culture, provided the soil in which it is planted is only moderately rich. In a very rich soil this plant will make a rampant growth of branches, but there will be but few flowers.



PORCH BOX.

"The fuschia does wonderfully well in the window-box if not exposed to strong sunshine. An eastern exposure suits it best. The geranium is a prime favorite. A combination of pink varieties, with pale lavender geratum, will be found very pleasing.

"For north windows pansies will afford much pleasure. Heliotrope will make a most luxuriant growth in a sunny window. Blue lobelia, white candytuft, and sweet alyssum, are excellent to plant at the edge of the box, to droop.

"Boxes filled with coleus of contrasting colors are very attractive. When scarlet and yellow sorts are used the effect will be as brilliant as that of many flowers. Gray centaurea, better known as dusty miller, can be used with good results.

"For sunless windows, such ferns as the good old Boston and the feathery-fronded whitmani will be found very satisfactory. The German ivy can be used to droop over the sides of such a box, being equally at home in shade or sunshine.

Cannas, dracenas and other plants with striking or peculiar foliage can be used very effectively in window-box combinations. In fact, there are so many plants that can be grown in these boxes that all tastes can be satisfied.

"It must be kept in mind that the large number of plants in these boxes will speedily exhaust the supply of nutriment in the soil. To keep them growing well throughout the season it will be necessary to give applications of some good fertilizer. Do not give enough to bring about a very rapid growth, for rapidity means weakness, as a general thing. Aim to secure a vigorous, healthy development, and be satisfied with that. If any branches seem to have extended themselves, remove them promptly. Allow no seed to form. Shower the plants well at night. It is well to apply water at night, for if given in the morning the heat of the sun will help bring about a too rapid evaporation.

Window boxes must be given very substantial support, because the amount of soil one of ordinary size contains will have great weight when wet. Not only should they be fastened firmly to the sill of the window, but they should be given additional security by bracing them well below.

"Veranda boxes are simply evolutions of the window-box idea. By the use of them a veranda lacking the charm of vines can be made extremely attractive."

You window-boxers will find some valuable information in these extracts if you will read them carefully, and then read them again.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

May I have permission to enter your merry circle? I have been a reader of The Blade for many years, and I enjoy the M. G. R. letters very much, but I have never seen a letter from this city.

I was born and bred in dear old West Virginia, and always lived there until three years ago. Since that time I have been a native of the Hoosier state. I have a warm spot in my heart for the West Virginia hills, and in the past winter I had a delightful visit at my old home near Fairmont, in the oil field.

I am now living in the pretty little city of Muncie, Ind. I am pleasantly situated here, and like the magic city very much. Of course the level country looks odd to me, as I have always been used to mountains and hills. I should be delighted to write a description of my city if anyone would care to read it.

I am a lover of music and can play the piano and guitar. Sometimes I enjoy a mouth harp, and I can make quite a noise on one of them, too. You see I am a jolly girl and I am always happy. When it is winter I like winter the best, and when it is summer I like summer the best.

With love and best wishes to you all, I remain—Luella, Indiana.

We should very much like to have the description of your city.—Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I will write kind of a descriptive letter. We live upon a big mountain in North Carolina where we have a good view over the valleys on each side. We have good water and can raise anything we need to eat, but the mountain is rough. Its ridges, rocks and hollows are steep to go down, but I like to live here better than in a city. We have fruit in plenty and lots of berries, and we can have raccoons and squirrels sometimes; they are good, too. There is not very much game here now, though there used to be lots of deer.

I guess I had better stop short and let some one else speak that can beat me, as I am sort of a shabby speaker. With good wishes to you all.—Susan B., North Carolina.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I wish you would let me in just for a little while. I will first tell you how old I am and how I look. I am 16 years old and have black hair and gray eyes. I love the plains of old Wyoming where I live. I love to go on a horse over the plains all alone. I am not afraid like most of the girls would be. I can shoot a gun pretty well, but I am talking too much about myself, am I not?

We live about 30 miles from the postoffice and town and about 50 miles from the Yellowstone Park. I have not yet been there, but I am going some day. You must be getting tired of this talk, so I believe I will close. Good-bye, with good wishes to all the M. G. R.'s.—Just Me, Wyoming.

I am much interested in The Blade, especially the M. G. R. department, and love to read the letters. I live at Cowen, West Virginia, and have for several years. This little town in the hills is noted for its scenery, and the most beautiful views may be obtained from this point. The village, in the hunting season, which is in late autumn, is visited by large parties of hunters from various parts of the country. They go into the mountains, about 20 miles distant, in quest of game, of which there are various kinds. There are the black, or mountain bear, deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, gray and fox squirrels, foxes, gray and red wild cats and panthers, but the greatest pleasure is trout fishing in the small streams of Gauley and Williams rivers. I have often been out on hunting and fishing expeditions, and camped under the cliffs of rock that project out of the mountain side. We make a good camp by using bark and boughs of trees.

I have had the pleasure of visiting a notable place about two miles from Cowen, known as the Devil's Toll Gate. It is where the public road passes through, between two large boulders. The passage is only 10 feet wide. It is claimed by the older people that 11 scouts were killed at this place during the civil war, and are buried behind the boulder on the upper side of the passage. I wish I could furnish a photograph of this toll gate, but I cannot at present, though I may some time. Yours, Webster County Boy, West Virginia.

FINE POST CARDS FREE

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cent stamp we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. With each order we include our plan for getting 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

We need some more descriptive letters for the delectation of the M. G. R's. Some of you GET BUSY.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.

Whatever you do, smile and look happy, even if you think you're having trouble.

This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

RHUBARB RECIPE

Harper's Bazaar.

Rhubarb is one of the first of the early vegetables, and its agreeable mixture of citric and malic acid renders it, while young and tender, an excellent article of diet. For a breakfast dish it is delicious, especially when prepared in this way: Wash and cut the stalks into tiny pieces, without removing the skin, and place them in a porcelain baking-dish. Sprinkle plenty of sugar over them; cover closely and bake until very tender. Owing to the succulency of this vegetable, not a drop of water is needed during the cooking. For those who do not care for the taste of rhubarb, but realize its value in the spring diet, a little orange juice may be squeezed over the fruit when it comes from the oven.

SOME POINTERS

Say good morning every morning whether you want to or not. It will give you a top o' the morning feeling.

When the lilacs are blooming is a sweet time o' year.

As the tree is bent so is the twig inclined. As the mind is bent, so is the body inclined.

It is never wise to form an opinion of anyone by hearsay. Wait until you know for yourself by personal acquaintance.

The best way to have all you want is not to want more than you may have.

If you always think trouble, talk trouble, act trouble, you will always have trouble.

Every thought you launch into the air, like any other seed puts forth a plant, either a weed or a flower. This I say from experience, not from theory. See the point?

It is not always easy to give the soft answer that turns away wrath, but you can acquire the habit.

The things that you care for and want the most will sometime surely come your way, if they are things worth while.

Don't pride yourself on being sensitive. Sensitive people are always having their feelings hurt when no "hurt" is intended.

Unpleasant letters are like unpleasant people, we dislike to see them come.

A little child is like a good fairy in a home.

Cheerfulness is helpfulness.—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

BORRIOBOOLA GHA

Author Unknown.

A stranger preached last Sunday
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hour's sermon
On a theme I scarce can name;
'Twas all about some heathen
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called Borrioboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
That when the box was passed
Each listener felt his pocket
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To Borrioboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll.
When something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And, looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature
In rags and dirt forlorn;
"What do you want?" I asked her,
Impatient to be gone;
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a dying,
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a dark, damp cellar,
With mould o'er all the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls;
Where cold and want and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found that poor child's mother
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of mouldy straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless—
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,
So sad and sickening—oh,
I had never, never pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babe that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around that dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar!
Was I suddenly transported
To Borrioboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas, for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know,
Our Lord commands His servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only to the heathen;
This was His command to them,
"Go, preach the word, beginning
Here, at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian! God has promised,
Whoe'er to such has given
A cup of pure, cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure this blessing?
You need not seek it far—
Go find in yonder hovel
A Borrioboola Gha!

HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

Author Unknown.

In the house of too much trouble,
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was eager for a toy;
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise
For the house of too much trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly
Or he failed to close the door.
In the house of too much trouble,
Things must be precise and trim—
In the house of too much trouble,
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be kept in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the house of too much trouble,
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the house of too much trouble,
He is silent and at rest—
In the house of too much trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

DECORATION DAY

Author Unknown.

With sable-draped banner and slow, measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
And, decking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.
Ended at last in the labor of love,
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move.
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief.
Close crouched by the portals a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh, sir, he was good, and they say he died brave!
Why—why did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot.
You may have not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood
In rich crimson streams from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks, which were in the front of the fight—
And died shouting: 'Onward! for God and the right!'
O'er all your dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side;
Her weary heart broke when dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief;
"This orphaned young maid has full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.
"This way it is—here, sir, right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."
"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound.
A love pure as this makes those graves hallowed ground."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir; I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Nellie today;
But I'll pray for you here each day while I live;
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.
I shall see pape soon, and dear mamma, too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I tell
How you folded your arms 'round their dear little Nell—
How you cheered her sad heart and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call you to come
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

POEM REQUESTED

Here is part of an old poem wanted:

Old Farmer B. is a stingy old man,
He keeps all he gets, and gets all he can.

The songs, Sings Me to Sleep, and Hard Times Come Again No More, are asked for.

The piece entitled Itchin' Heels is very much wanted.

Here is a clue to a song wanted: "What's the use of lovin' if you can't love all the time.

Songs asked for are: The Three Wishes, When the bees are in the hive, is the first line.

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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We have written a 168-page book entitled **"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm."** This interesting book—containing 150 illustrations, and many diagrams and specifications—tells how to mix and use concrete, and it gives plans and directions for using concrete in a hundred different ways. Most of the smaller improvements you yourself can build. *This book is free, write for it today.*

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NONE JUST AS GOOD

BRITISH SCIENTIST SAYS PLAGUE CAN BE ERADICATED

London, April 25.—That tuberculosis could be stamped out within a generation if municipal authorities would do their duty is the assertion of Arthur Latham, a surgeon who has made a special study of the "white plague." At the invitation of the Manchester Sanitary Society Dr. Latham delivered before that body an interesting and instructive lecture on the subject. He said in part:

"Many of those who are brought into daily contact with the disease hold the belief firmly that consumption can be eradicated within a generation. Our knowledge of the subject is such that it only remains for us to convince those in positions of authority that a work of inestimable value to the world lies within their grasp. We know the cause of consumption; we can prevent the disease; we can detect its presence; we can cure it; but the seed which gives rise to the crop consists of tubercle bacilli.

"No matter how strong a man may be, no matter what degree of health he may enjoy, he will contract consumption if he receives a sufficient dose of tubercle bacilli. If his physique is indifferent or if he suffers from ill health he falls an easier prey. If his resistance has been lowered, as it may be, by semi-starvation, by disease, by excessive indulgence in alcohol, the fighting forces of the body are not so efficient, and a comparatively small dose of tubercle bacilli will set up the disease.

Weak Organisms Its Prey.

"If bacilli meet with inefficient defensive forces that is, if the man has had his health undermined—the seed falls on fertile and prepared ground and multiplies a thousandfold, but if the man is healthy the seed falls on stony ground.

"You can at once make a deduction. If the campaign against consumption is to be crowned with success part of the task must be concerned with the question of raising the standard of health in the community, of raising the capacity of nature's method of defence. This really means that those things which undermine a man's health must be wiped away. The towns must be made more like the country. Slum property and overcrowding must be dealt with; a sufficiency of air to the inhabitants by open spaces and better architecture must be provided."

The other part of the campaign, that dealing with the seed, Dr. Latham approached by advocating an effort for the establishment of a "corner" in the seed supply of consumption.

"We have the necessary knowledge," he said, "and now merely require intelligent organization and co-operation. The two main sources of the seed supply of consumption are (1) the expectoration of consumptives and (2) the products of the cow—milk and butter. Twenty per cent of the milk supplies of towns in England and ten per cent of the butter contain living tubercule bacilli capable of producing the disease. One glass of milk out of every five sold across the counter may carry the seed of death. One pound of butter out of ten may produce same form of tuberculosis.

Remedy Is Simple.

"But the remedy is simple, inexpensive, and proved by experience to be sufficient. All milk before it is sold or used for making butter should be heated to 140 degrees Fahrenheit for 20 minutes. This process destroys all the germs of consumption and of other diseases in milk, does nothing to diminish the food value, and does not materially affect the taste."

Regarding the inadequacy of the present arrangements for treating the consumptive in the early stages of the disease, Dr. Latham said: "It shows how much remains to be done, when it is realized that in England and Wales there is a consumptive population of from 250,000 to 300,000, while the number of beds available at sanatoriums is generaucly stated at 1,500."

Emphasizing the necessity for State intervention and of government grants for the establishment of sanatoriums, as a first means of stamping out the scourge, municipalities meanwhile setting about some of the reforms he had already referred to, the lecturer said: "If we made prevention the keynote of our scheme and spent our money intelligently we should do more for the present generation of consumptives, and we should stamp out the disease in 20 to 30 years."

CANNON INVITED TO QUIT

Sherman Reported to Have Acted as Spokesman for G. O. P. Leaders.

Washington, April 21.—Sepaker Cannon is expected to follow Senators Aldrich and Hale in announcing his retirement from public life at the end of the present congress. Danville, Ill., as well as Providence, R. I., and Ellsworth, Me., may as well prepare for a home-coming celebration, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald.

Whether Cannon would retire voluntarily—in the sense that the term voluntary is used in these stirring times—and whether he might not at least declare his intention not again to be a candidate for speaker have been mooted questions for months. The speaker himself has given no open hint of quitting, frequently seeking to convey the impression, on the contrary, that he is not a quitter. But some very able politicians who know all that is going on behind the scenes have been divulging a few secrets in a quiet way since the Aldrich and Hale announcements.

Told Facts by Sherman.

It transpires that as long ago as last fall Vice President Sherman, a stanch regular and one of the speaker's most intimate friends, went to Mr. Cannon and performed the unpleasant duty of telling him that he was a load the party could not carry and that he must decide to retire gracefully with honors for the sake of Republicanism and his own sake. It is understood that effort was made to have an announcement made before or near the first of the present year, and had it been made then, it is declared, the speaker would have been spared the humiliation that came with the overthrow of the old committee on rules.

Vice President Sherman, it is believed, acted as spokesman for the inner circle of Republican leaders, as well as for himself, when he performed his unpleasant duty. The speaker has wanted to fight it out. He would have resigned the speakership, however, in the hour of his defeat over the rules, but at that time some of those who favor and expect his retirement counseled otherwise. They were against anything that would unduly humiliate him, a consideration that weighed fully as much as the chaos likely to have resulted by precipitating a contest for a successor in the midst of important legislation pending.

Expect Announcement Soon.

Latterly some persons in high places have expressed their understanding that, while Cannon knew he was down and out, he would run for re-election to congress from his district, and, harboring the belief also that the next house would be Democratic, come back to lead the minority and have some fun in that job. Now, however, the wise ones, asserting that they know exactly what they are talking about, say Cannon's retirement will be made known before the campaign for the fall elections is really started.

Aside from any actual contract Speaker Cannon may have made with Republican leaders to step aside, the logic of the situation is sufficient in the minds of the wise ones to explain why he will retire. In the first place, they point out, Cannon cannot escape being the overwhelming issue so long as he is known to be in the field for return to congress. Were he to announce that he would not be a candidate for speaker it would be injurious to his prestige among the voters of his district, where local pride in his high position is a factor that must be reckoned with. Moreover, it would be an open confession of weakness, or even cowardice on Mr. Cannon's part.

Can Keep Self-Respect.

But Mr. Cannon can avoid all this, it is pointed out, by retiring with his self-respect unimpared, his conscience clear, no matter what the country does politically next fall; and, should his party pull through, have the satisfaction of knowing in his declining years that he had lived up to his creed of placing party above personal ambition and possibly feel that his sacrifice had averted disaster at a critical period. This is exactly what Mr. Cannon is going to do, it is declared, by those whose political opinion is of the greatest value.

It is pertinent to say that Washington will not be stunned when Mr. Cannon takes his pen in hand to announce retirement. After the recent sensations in that line and in connection with the special election of the spring time, the surprise would be greater should congress adjourn without such action. The Republican party at present is likened to a balloon losing its buoyancy and there is a desperate effort being made to keep it from smashing to earth by throwing out weight. With Aldrich and Hale overboard, it's a little more buoyant and with Cannon dropping out there is hope that it will rise beyond danger.

Between the senate retirements and Tuesday's election in the Rochester, N. Y., district the politicians continue to have plenty to talk about. The more the New York election is pondered the more it seems to reflect a widespread sentiment.

Think Rally Is Possible.

Depressing as any defeat must be to Republicans under existing general conditions, there is a feeling that a rally is possible and that a good fight can be made in the months intervening before the fall elections, with the drags and weights removed.

With some of the burdens lightening, the Republican congressional committee is getting ready to do hard work, and President Taft, according to late reports, may take the stump in the fall and throw the weight of the executive influence into the campaign. He may make the "keynote speech" at the Republican birthday celebration at Jackson, Mich., in June.

This is the month that gapes are more or less prevalent on heavy soils. Chicks should not be brooded on the same ground that was accorded to chicks afflicted with the disease last year. Place them on ground that was never used by poultry.

When hens begin to lay soft-shelled eggs it is time to ask yourself: "Where am I failing to give them the food they need?" Don't be satisfied until you can answer that question. Almost always it is due to a lack of shell-making material.

Wheat bran, crushed egg shells, cut bone, broken mortar and oyster shells are fine for making eggs with good solid shells.

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AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB

Roosevelt Is Much Impressed by Majestic Crypt of Emperor.

TRIBUTE TO TWAIN.

It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world. He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Paris, April 22.—After paying a tribute to the life and work of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the American author and humorist, and giving his expression to the press, Mr. Roosevelt began his program for the day with a visit to the tomb of Napoleon in the Palais des Invalides.

When Mr. Roosevelt, accompanied by Kermit, M. Jusserand, French ambassador at Washington, and American Ambassador Bacon, arrived in an automobile he was acclaimed by a great crowd, which included many photographers, who took snap shots of the part as they entered the Cour D' Honneur, where General Dalstein, military governor of Paris, and several aides in full uniform, awaited them.

Passing first into the chapel, where were seen the tattered battle-flags captured in the Napoleonic campaigns, Mr. Roosevelt kept up a running fire of comment and exchange with General Dalstein concerning incidents of the various battles, but when the rotunda beyond was reached, and from which he looked down upon the magnificent red marble tomb of the conqueror surrounded with the flags of Austerlitz and other reminders of the great victories of Austerlitz, Friedland, the Pyramids, Jena, Marengo and Moscow, the former president grew strangely silent.

A few moments later the party descended to the crypt through which they entered the tomb, over the door of which Mr. Roosevelt read the words of Napoleon written at St. Helena, in which the great general expressed the desire that his ashes rest on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he so dearly loved. Here, in a niche, was shown Napoleon's celebrated sword and black hat contained in a glass case, and the unmarked stone slabs which the English general placed over the grave at St. Helena, but upon which he refused to permit Napoleon's name to be chiseled.

"Extraordinary, extraordinary!" Mr. Roosevelt ejaculated several times.

Sees Personal Relics.

From the tomb, General Dalstein conducted the party to the Napoleon museum in another wing of the building, where Mr. Roosevelt manifested interest in some of the personal relics of the French general, and in the old prints of his principal campaigns, especially that depicting the stand of the Old Guard at Waterloo and Murat's cavalry charge at Eylau. A visit to the historic armory which contains a splendid collection of mail and armor concluded the inspection.

As General Walstein pointed out a beautiful piece of mail that had been used at court functions Mr. Roosevelt, with a wave of the hand observed: "That has no importance. It was used only for ceremony."

Before leaving Mr. Roosevelt was shown by General Dalstein a book upon Mexico written by General Miox, in which the author quoted from one of the former president's speeches in which he had declared that the nation which did not preserve warlike habits was doomed one day to fall and that a strong army was necessary to preserve the national destiny.

Mr. Roosevelt had luncheon as the guest of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, whom he met in the United States when the baron was there in connection with the Olympic games.

This afternoon, Mr. Roosevelt continued his sight-seeing tour, visiting the galleries of the Louvre. He returned to the American embassy at 4:30 o'clock, when he received a visit from former President Loubet. Subsequently he received the members of the American colony.

Tonight Mr. Roosevelt will be the guest of honor at a dinner and reception at the Elysee palace.

Ovation at the Theatre.

Mr. Roosevelt was given a great ovation last evening at the Comedie Francaise, where he made his first real public appearance in Paris, occupying the presidential box, which had been placed at his disposal by M. Fallieres.

Anticipating his coming, every seat and every box stall seat in the theatre had been sold days in advance, the audience being an exceptionally brilliant one. When Colonel Roosevelt entered the theatre between acts, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel, Kermit and Ambassador and Mrs. Bacon, the house literally rose to its feet, volleys of applause bursting from the boxes, pit and gallery.

For a full minute the colonel made no response, but as the demonstration continued he came forward and bowed his acknowledgments.

The bill was Sophocles' Greek tragedy, Oedipus Rex, staged and acted as are possible only at a French national theatre, and Mr. Roosevelt seemed to enjoy it hugely, joining with the audience in the applause. At the end of each act, when Mounet-Sully, who played the title role, and filed for probate yesterday afternoon, all the property, both real estate and the other performers responded, they advanced, as customary when royalty is present, bowing profoundly in the direction of the ex-President before turning to the audience. This seemed to give additional pleasure to the audience, which in turn each time gave a fresh round of applause for Mr. Roosevelt.

As the party left the building at the close of the performance rounds of cheers were given by the crowds outside.

Tributes by the Press.

The Temps fairly reflects the tone of the entire French press, declaring that Roosevelt's tour of Europe is unparalleled in history.

"No democratic chief of state," says the paper, "ever before enjoyed such popularity. We are accustomed to formal visits of kings and presidents. It is the man, therefore, not the office, which is being honored. It is his vigor, his personality, his character, ideas and temperament which appeal to European opinion."

After reviewing his career, the Temps concludes:

"Few are more worthy of the esteem of the democracy, for he represents at the same time liberty and authority—those two antitheses which republicans, conscious of their duty and solicitous for the future, are everywhere trying to harness together."

The lecture at the Sarbonne tomorrow, which the entire cabinet will attend, it is understood, will be a very vigorous document. It was written a year and a half ago and deals with the duties of citizenship. Colonel Roosevelt said today that he looked to find his greatest pleasure in appearing before one of the oldest universities in the world. When informed that 900 students had been selected who understood English, he replied laughingly:

"I should like to speak to them in French, but I have too much regard for my auditors."

ROOSEVELT LECTURES

Extols Worth to Society of the Men Who Do Things.

Paris, April 23.—Theodore Roosevelt delivered his eagerly awaited lecture on "Citizenship in a Republic" in the Sorbonne this afternoon. His audience was composed of all of the members of the French cabinet, 900 students selected from the University of Paris and many distinguished guests, by whom the occasion was regarded as the most important feature of the distinguished American's visit to France.

In the course of his address Mr. Roosevelt made reference to the subject of human rights and property rights in the following paragraphs:

"My position as regards the monied interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded. Ordinarily and in the great majority of cases human rights and property rights are fundamentally and, in the long run, identical, but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property."

Mr. Roosevelt spent today in the old Latin quarter across the Seine, which for centuries has been one of the intellectual centers of the world. At 1 o'clock this afternoon in his capacity as a foreign member of the French institute he attended the regular session of the academy of moral and political sciences in the conference hall of the old Mazarin palace, which is now the home of the institute. This room was selected instead of the smaller room in which the "Forty Immortals" meet, in order to permit the public to enter and because it is the usual meeting place of three of the academies, the academy of fine arts, the academy of inscriptions and literature and the academy of moral and political sciences.

Although Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to wear the green, brocaded uniform of an academician he appeared today in his familiar frock coat dress. At 3 o'clock he delivered his lecture in the grand amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, where he was most cordially received. His remarks were followed with intense interest.

Outlines Roosevelt's Views

According to the traditional custom of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Theodore Roosevelt entered without formal presentation. Emile Boutroux, who presided, after the customary routine business had been concluded, addressed the academy upon the result of his observations made during his recent visit to the United States regarding the growth of education there. After describing the conflict between general education and specialization in studies and dwelling upon the vast resources of the American universities, M. Boutroux took Roosevelt's ideal as the highest type of man which American education sought to produce, quoting recently Roosevelt's own words in the exposition of his theme.

From the doctrine that a man who accomplishes nothing and indulges only in criticism is a parasite meriting only scorn, the speaker evolved Roosevelt's doctrine that man is born for action, to work and to struggle—in other words, for the strenuous life. He said the aim of the American ideals as enunciated by Roosevelt was the development of an American soul, one and inseparable, regardless of the differences of politics or religion.

While America was open to all comers, declared M. Boutroux, it recognized as true citizens only those who were entirely and exclusively Americans in heart and aspiration. The American spirit, he said, consists of love of national independence, faith in the power of honest effort, respect for human dignity and religious toleration. He dwelt particularly upon Roosevelt's theory regarding the duty of the rich which he said substituted richesse oblige for noblesse oblige.

Continuing, M. Boutroux said that society does not owe happiness to all persons, but owes to all the possibility of an honest, comfortable life. The man without fortune should first work for his family and with a fortune he should work for the public good. To devote life to amassing gold was ignoble. It was necessary to teach all the doctrine of work; to men of fortune the doctrine of work without remuneration.

Such, said M. Boutroux, were the doctrines of the man whom America recognizes as its most authoritative representative and whose return would be feted with spontaneous and universal enthusiasm. "It is our duty," said M. Boutroux in conclusion, "to consider whether we cannot learn a lesson from contemporaneous America."

Greatest Voice of New World.

The speech of M. Liard, vice rector of the University of Paris, in introducing Colonel Roosevelt, was a felicitous effort. After thanking the American ex-president for accepting the invitation of the university M. Liard said the university particularly wished its students to hear "the greatest voice of the new world, that of the man who speaks by action as well as words, giving to the world counsels of justice and energy—justice as the end and energy as the means"—that of Roosevelt the man who believed that life's intense effort should ever be directed towards the public weal and honesty. Turning to Colonel Roosevelt, M. Liard said: "You denounce the idle and the useless, but you combat also the mischief makers and the selfish. You do not separate morality from politics nor right from force. You are a rough soldier and a pacific thinker and a man of action, a preacher of high virtue and a living example of the virtues you preach."

America, the speaker continued, recognized in Roosevelt the embodiment of its noblest traits, but in his journey across Europe the nations perceived in him something more—the representative of larger ideal that that of country or of race—the champion of right and justice among the peoples. The University of Paris was ever the teacher of the ideas on which French genius is built—reason, justice and humanity and the principle of the progress of civilization is dependent on the grandeur of these moral forces.

"These are your ideas also," declared M. Liard in conclusion. "Like other Americans who have come to address us you will see that America and France are sisters not only by common tradition, but also by the community of many ideas and sentiments guiding them in the pathways of the future."

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In his address, delivered at the Sorbonne, Theodore Roosevelt spoke as follows:

"With you here, and with us in my own home, in the long run, success or failure will be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues. The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average cannot be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

"It is well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, are, as a matter of course, drawn from the classes represented in this audience today; but only provided that those classes possess the gifts of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. You and those like you have received special advantages; you have all of you had the opportunity for mental training; many of you have had leisure; most of you have had a chance for the enjoyment of life far greater than comes to the majority of your fellows. Of you and your kind much should be expected.

Acts Are What Count.

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat. Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop in a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday wrold. Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action, if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are.

"I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues. Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. There are a few people in every country so born that they can lead lives of leisure. These fill a useful function if they make it evident that leisure does not mean idleness. But the average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

Right Greater Than Peace.

"In the next place, the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to fight, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. They are right only if they lay all their emphasis upon the unrighteousness. War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the alternative be peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong and virile people must be, 'Yes', whatever the cost.

"Finally, even more important than ability to work, even more important than ability to fight at need, is it to remember that the chief of blessings for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of blessings in Biblical times; and it is the crown of blessings now. The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be that visited upon willful sterility. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and the woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease. If this is not so, if through no fault of the society there is failure to increase, it is a great misfortune. If the failure is due to deliberate and willful fault, then it is not merely a misfortune, it is one of those crimes of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from pain and effort and risk, which in the long run nature punishes more heavily than any other. If we of the great republics, if we, the free people who claim to have emancipated ourselves from the thraldom of wrong and error, bring down on our heads the curse that comes upon the willfully barren, then it will be an idle waste of breath to prattle of our achievements, to boast of all that we have done. No refinement of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress no sordid heaping up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature, can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues, the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

No Place for Timid Man.

"In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good. He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robuster virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is ao efficient citizen.

"There are plenty of men calling themselves Socialists with whom, up to a time point, it is quite possible to work. If the next step is one which both we and they wish to take, why of course take it, without any regard to the fact that our views as to the tenth step may differ. But, on the other hand, keep clearly in mind that though it has been worth while to take one step, this does not in the least mean that it may not be highly disadvantageous to take the next.

"The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and as a matter of pride he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in that country. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor."

AMAZED BY OVERTURN

New York Election Stirs Interest of Washington Politicians.

Washington, April 20.—Not since the present congress began have the Democratic members been in such a jubilant mood as they were today over the result of the New York election. They gathered early on the floor and there was everywhere a spirit of felicitation. The Republican leaders declined to attach any particular significance to the defeat. "It was just a skirmish. It doesn't mean anything," said Representative Boutell, of Illinois. His statement was typical of the Republican expression. Among the Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans there was a greater variety of views.

Representative Francis Burton Harrison (Democrat), of New York, believed that it marked the overthrow of a regime, nation-wide in its extent.

"It is the beginning of a new epoch," he said. "I don't believe that a single Republican congressman from New York is safe from defeat under the conditions we have there. The retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale and the result of the elections in Massachusetts and New York mean the passing of an old order and the establishment of a new and better one. It is the dawning of a new day."

Representative Underwood, the Democratic "whip," declared that "it was a distinct repudiation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law and the administration." No other construction could be placed upon the Massachusetts and New York elections, he said.

Representative Ollie James said the Democrats would have a majority in the next congress. Representative Lawrence, of Massachusetts, a Republican member of the new rules committee, when approached on the subject of the election, said it "wasn't up to the Massachusetts members to explain New York."

Representative Norris, of Nebraska, one of the "insurgents" leaders, said: "It is simply an uprising of the people against machine rule and means that the people will stand for it no longer. It is a local matter in New York, but similar conditions prevail through the country and similar results will ensue."

"What does it mean to this house?" Mr. Norris was asked.

"It means that the members who are here because of machine politics—both Republicans and Democrats—should be able to see the end they are coming to," was the reply. "They won't be here much longer."

Representative Hamilton Fish, of New York, another "insurgent," thought Aldridge's defeat in Rochester was largely due to his personality and what he was known to stand for. "Cannonism was also an issue," said Mr. Fish. "Aldridge was asked whether he stood for Cannon or not, and he declined to answer. The people answered for him."

DEFEATED BOSS CHARGED WITH TAKING BRIBE

Rochester, N. Y., April 20.—More than 16,000 voters of Monroe county changed from the Republican to the Democratic column yesterday and elected the first Democratic congressman that has represented the Thirty-second district in 20 years. James S. Havens, a Democrat, running on a tariff reform platform, defeated George W. Albridge, for a score of years the ruler of the county Republican organization, by 5,900 votes.

Monroe county, which comprises the Thirty-second Congressional district, is normally Republican by about 6,000. James Breck Perkins, whose death in the middle of his third Congressional term necessitated a special election, carried the district in 1908 by 10,167.

The result of the election takes its place beside the Democratic victory in the Fourteenth Massachusetts district, where Foss was sent to Congress from a district supposed to be a rock-ribbed Republican as this one.

Mr. Havens rode to victory on a platform advocating tariff reform in the interests of the consumer, a revision of the duties on wool and woolen goods; a removal of the tax on hides and lumber, a removal of the tariff on iron ore, an income tax, and, finally, advocating independence of all political bosses of any party.

Mr. Aldridge, his opponent, contented himself with general proclamations in favor of the policies of the Republican administration. On the tariff proposition he was regarded as a "stand patter."

Both candidates dclard for relprocity with Canada, an employes' compensation act, a parcels post and a postal savings bank.

The Democrats acknowledge that one of the main factors in the reversal of political sentiment was a personal issue raised by Aldridge's record as party boss and evidence presented at the recent fire insurance investigation. Mr. Aldridge acknowledged that he received a check for $1,000 from Elijah Kennedy, an agent for the fire insurance companies, but denied that he benefited personally by the transfer. He declared that he turned the money into the treasury of the Republican organization.

The success of Havens probably means that he will be a candidate to succeed himself when his present term expires at the end of the year. The Democrats declare that it means the end of Aldridge's hopes for elective office, but are not so sanguine of their ability to shake his hold as political ruler of the county in local affairs.

James S. Havens, the successful candidate, is a lawyer and a former partner of the late Congressman James B. Perkins, whom he succeeds. He was born in Weedsport, Cayuga county, in 1859. He was graduated from Yale in 1884. He came to Rochester immediately after he was graduated, was admitted to the bar in 1886, and has practiced law here since. Although active in Democratic politics he has never before held public office. He is regarded as a typical Democrat of the "old school."

The modern French letter box has the shape of a pillar, profusely ornamented with the conventional lily. The whole box or stand is fashioned after a plant, and the top resembles a bud. The body is surrounded by floral wreaths or festoons, and the base is formed by large leaves. The boxes are placed against buildings and have a very pretty effect.

The Overland The King of Cars

No other car has so large a sale—none has made such amazing records. Price, $1,000 up.

It requires four factories, employing 4,000 men — turning out 140 Overlands daily—to meet the flood-like demand for these cars. Yet two years ago a hundred rivals had a larger sale.

The reason lies largely in the car's utter simplicity. Its able designer made it almost trouble-proof.

He created an engine which, for endurance, is the marvel of engineering.

He designed the pedal control. One goes forward or backward, slow or fast, by merely pushing pedals. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

A child can master the car in ten minutes. A novice can drive it a thousand miles without any thought of trouble.

The Overland always keeps going, and almost cares for itself. All the usual complexities have been eliminated.

That is why each car sells others, and our orders for this year's Overlands amount to $24,000,000.

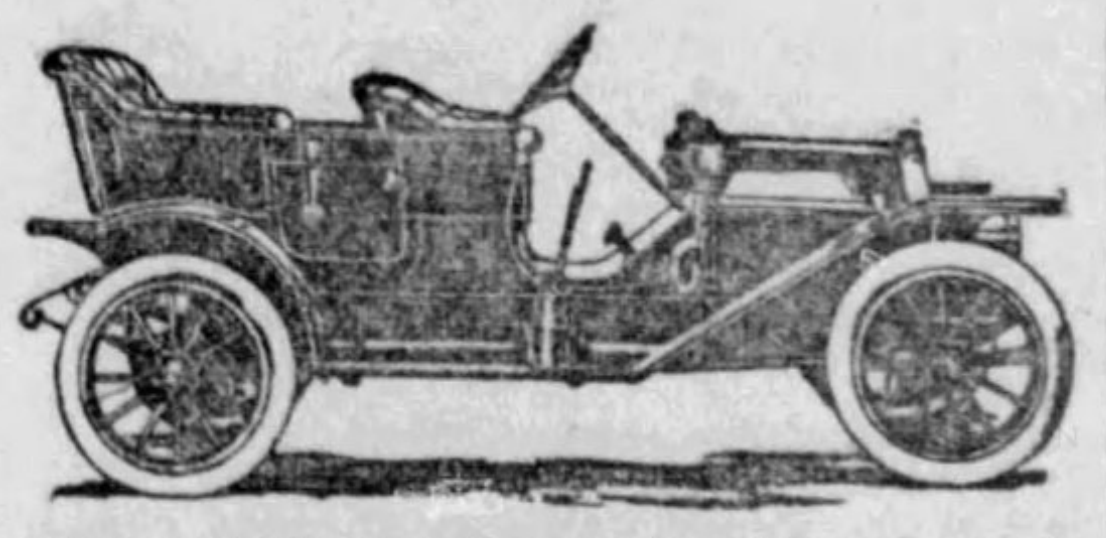
Another fact is that no other car gives nearly so much for the money. This is due to our enormous output, and the fortunes invested in our automatic machinery. It would bankrupt a smaller maker to try to compete with us.

You can get a 25-horsepower Overland, with a 102-inch wheel base, for $1,000. You can get a 40-horsepower Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250. The prices include lamps and magneto.

This car, which has captured the country, is the car you will want when you know it.

Two Free Books

Nothing is published about automobiles so interesting as the facts about Overlands. They are told in two books which we want to send you. Every motor car lover should have them. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to write for the books today.



$1,000 to $1,500—According to size, style and power.

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Licensed Under Selden Patent.
Please send me the two books free

(43)

FARMERS ARE NOW DOING WORK BY ELECTRICITY

Lincoln, Neb., April 26.—Only a few years ago the gasoline engine was revolutionizing chore work on the farms of the Middle West; now it is the electric current. Twenty years ago the porcelain bath tub and artificial light were unknown accessories. Now a considerable percentage of farm homes have these city luxuries, with hot and cold water in all parts of the house. The windmill and the gasoline engine, the acetylene gas plant and later the gasoline gasmaking machine marked the advance.

With the coming of the cross country trolley came the idea of utilizing the electric current. Men within easy reach of these found it easy to get their supply, and those ouside the zone, enlightened by this example, make their own electricity by means of dynamos driwen by gasoline engines or water power. Within the last ten years three big companies manufacturing electrical apparatus in Chicago have been developed to cater almost exclusively to this trade.

Churning is done with a little motor, which also comes in handy for running the cream separator, pump, sewing machine, washing machine and the like. In the barn a large motor is utilized to run shellers, grinders, cutters, small grain elevators, turning lathes, wood saws, drill presses and similar light machinery.

One of the latest productions of the electrical houses is in use on a few farms. It is intended to run the machines used in the fields. The machinery is simple, being a motor mounted on a truck on the model of the old portable farm engine. The truck is hauled about from place to place and is made ready for operation by the mere process of connection with the farm power plant. The wires are easily led from point to point wherever power or light is required. Thus it is possible to thresh in the open field by means of electric power and to operate other apparatus. This class of motors has passed beyond the experimental stage. They are as simple to operate as a pump.

The cheapest generating stations are those where it is possible to use water from a running stream. A little dam, holding back sufficient to make the water power, furnishes an easy solution of this question. Where there is no water or where it is of insufficient volume any of the popular styles of engine is used. One drawback naturally is the cost of the plant and of operation. This is being overcome in a number of instances by several farmers whose houses and other buildings are not widely separated entering into deals whereby they get their current from a central generation station. The possibilities of profit in this branch are yet to be developed. No great knowledge is needed to successfully and economically operate a plant of this kind.

The windlmill, the standby of the prairie farmer, is expected later to popularize electricity on the farm. It was the earliest and best friend this kind of agriculturist possessed. It pumped all of his water, but it was good only when there was a breeze stirring. Later it became a welcome portion of the gasoline engine outfit, and now experiments are being made to utilize it for the purpose of generating electricity. While the amount of power furnished by the ordinary mill is not large, sufficient capacity can be developed to supply lighting and small power requirements.

The fact that a windmill is useful only when the air current supplies power is its greatest drawback so far noted. To utilize it it is necessary to store up current. It has been rather difficult to induce farmers to add the expense of storage batteries, but the utility of this is bound to impress them later. The cost of batteries and maintaining them is considerable, but the manufacturers are trying to devise a way around this obstacle.

BIG AIRSHIP FALLS

Zeppelin II. Is a Complete Wreck.

Limburg-An-Der-Lahn, Prussia, April 25.—The Zeppelin II, one of the three dirigible balloons of the German government's aerial fleet, ran away today and was destroyed. The airship which was forced to descend here last night owing to a storm encountered while attempting a return trip from Hamburg to Cologne, broke her moorings here today and without a crew drifted in a northeasterly direction. A half hour after its escape the dirigible dropped at Weilburg and was smashed to pieces.

The military requisitoned at adjacent garrisons succeeded only with great difficulty in holding the machine on the ground during the stormy night. At noon today the gas bags were refilled, and the journey to Cologne was about to be resumed when a sudden squall tore the dirigible from its moorings, tossed it about in the air for 30 minutes, and then dropped it with a bang that put an end to the monster's career. Two companies of infantry made futile efforts to hold the airship when the ropes broke. What caused the craft to descend after so brief a flight is not known, but it is thought probable that the gas bags were torn and the mechanism damaged while it was making its escape.

Landed in Clump of Trees.

Weilburg, April 25.—The runaway Zepeplin II., descending here, struck a clump of trees and parted at the middle. It lies lodged among the trees at the side of a cliff. The fire department and students at the cadet school turned out and attempted to rescue what was left intact of the machine. The aluminum frame was demolished and most of the gas escaped.

It was reported that a man was in the gondola, but this proves untrue, and no one was injured. A special train loaded with soldiers has arrived here from Limburh-an-der-Lahn, and the fragments will be gathered up by the military.

N&W RY.

VIRGINIA FARMS $10 AND UP PER ACRE

You can buy fertile farms with timber, fruit and water for $10.00 per acre and up. Splendid country for fruit growing, dairying, stock raising and general farming. Fine climate, abundant water, good neighbors. COME TO SUNNY VIRGINIA convenient markets, good neighbors. Full information and valuable booklet upon request. Write for it now.

F. H. LaBaume, Agr. & Ind. Agt., N. & W. Ry., Dept. D 10 Roanoke, Va.

Will Leave Political Life

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

PEARY GOES ON TOUR

Will Lecture in Many European Capitals.

New York, April 26.—Commander Robert E. Peary sailed on the Kronprincessen Cecelie today for a lecture tour of England and the continent. He is accompanied by Mrs. Peary and their two children and Captain Robert A. Bartlett, the Newfoundland skipper who commanded the Roosevelt on the trip to the North Pole.

"I shall be away only about six weeks," said Mr. Peary. "I expect to be back in New York an June 10. I shall deliver my first lecture in London on May 4."

His London address will be delivered before the Royal Geographical society, to which he will tell the story of his polar trip. On that occasion the society will present a gold medal to him and a silver medal to Captain Bartlett. In Rome, on May 20, the commander will receive another gold medal.

The greatest geographical societies of Europe will honor the explorer during his visit. In addition to those at London and Rome, he is to speak to the societies at Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna and Edinburgh. He will also deliver addresses in Buda-Pest, Glasgow, Leeds, Aberdeen and other cities.

At a farewell luncheon tendered him at the Brooklyn club, Commander Peary took occasion to explain why he attacked the claim of Dr. Cook so strongly on his return from his polar trip. He said:

"Three weeks before I got back to civilization I had the fullest information of what had been done by another in the Arctic regions, and when and where and what would be claimed by this man. The telegrams I sent, which caused me to be criticised, were sent deliberately and after full consideration. That was my position.

"I knew that a deliberate attempt was to be made to defraud the country, morally and financially, and as an officer of the United States navy I felt that I must give warning to the country and that I owed it to myself, also, to give warning in order that I might escape a charge of being an accessory to the crime.

"My position is still unchanged and it will not be changed hereafter."

BELIEVE RIOTING IS OVER

Missionaries in China More Confident than British Consul.

Changsha, China, April 26.—Yang-Wen-Ting, the governor of Changsha, today issued a peace proclamation. The British consul, however, has given notice that he will not be responsible in case those who go ashore are attacked.

Missionaries arriving here from Chang-Te-Fu, report that there is every indication that the trouble with the rioting natives is over. The governor estimates the damage done at about two million dollars.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

ROCKEFELLER TIRED OF DELAY

He May Get a State Charter for His Foundation.

Washington, April 23.—John D. Rockefeller has reached the conclusion that he can distribute his enormous fortune without the approval of congress.

As nearly two months have elapsed without the slightest sign of action by the senate on the bill establishing the Rockefeller foundation Mr. Rockefeller has determined to seek some other method of distributing his money. He is anxious to have the plan get under way. He is contemplating a state charter and will doubtless secure one if congress does not pass his bill at an early date.

The announcement that Mr. Rockefeller has given $500,000 to establish a consumptive sanitarium in Russia did not surprise those here familiar with the unexpected delay in establishing the foundation as requested. The sanitarium would undoubtedly come within the scope of the foundation, but could not be originated under it unless congress gives legality to the plan.

187 MEN DIE AS SHIP SINKS

St. Johns, N. F., April 26.—The probable loss of the British sealing steamer Aurora with her crew of 187 men was reported here today by the sealing steamer Beothic. The Aurora had been missing since April 1. No more definite news is expected until the next arrival from the fishing grounds.

Those on board the Beothic and Erik reported that numbers of seals killed by the Aurora's crew and "panned" upon the ice had drifted ashore.

The Aurora is owned by C. T. Bowring & Co., Ltd., of Liverpool. She is a wooden steamer with a tonnage of 580 gross and 386 net. She is 165 feet long, 30 feet beam and was built at Dundee in 1876. She has been sealing from this port every year since 1877.

QUEBEC BARS EXPORTS

All Timber Must Be Manufactured in Canada.

Quebec, April 26.—"All timber cut on crown lands after May 1, 1910, must be manufactured in Canada; that is to say, converted into pulp or paper, into bales or boards, or into any other articles of commerce or merchandise, as distinguished from timber in its raw or unmanufactured state."

This is the clause in the new Quebec timber regulations which prohibits the exportation of pulp wood to the United States. The new law, which has been signed by the lieutenant governor, was published yesterday in the official gazette.

TAGGART WINS VICTORY

Plan for Senatorial Primary Given Boost.

Indianapolis, April 26.—The overwhelming victory won by Thomas Taggart and his friends last night in the primaries in this city and Marion county for the selection of delegates to the Democratic state convention which opens tomorrow night added strength today to the movement proposed by Taggart for a state-wide primary to choose a candidate for the United States senate. The 185 delegates from Marion county will vote as a unit in the convention for a state-wide primary.

Some of the candidates for United States senator oppose the primary election plan on the ground that it would be expensive, as it is estimated that it would cost about $50,000 to hold a primary, and this, divided among the candidates, would fall heavily upon a few men.

Many of the candidates for places on the state ticket today expressed themselves against the plan of Governor Marshall to have the convention indorse a candidate for the senate, fearing it would cause such a fight in the convention that the success of the ticket would be endangered at the November election.

HUGHES TO SERVE ON HIGHEST BENCH

New York Governor Will Accept Appointment to Supreme Court.

Washington, April 26.—Governor Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, took himself out of the presidential possibility class yesterday when he accepted the tender of a seat on the United States supreme court bench, made by President Taft some days ago.

The decision reached by Governor Hughes is a surprise to politicians generally and quite a shock to the Republican party leaders in New York who have been looking to the governor to help bring victory to their candidates this fall.

While it is expected that Governor Hughes will be confirmed with little or no delay, it is understood here that he will remain as the chief executive of the state of New York until next October and will not take the oath of his new office until the fall term of the supreme court, which opens the second Monday in that month.

White Will Be Governor.

The acceptance by Governor Hughes of a place on the highest bench in the land will make Horace M. White, of Syracuse, the present lieutenant governor, chief executive of the state of New York for the last three months of the year. As governor of the state of New York, Governor Hughes received a salary of $10,000 a year. As an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States he will receive $12,500. He will be the youngest member of the court.

Incidentally Governor Hughes is now eliminated from the coming campaign in New York state, a fact which will put an entirely different face upon certain political conditions. Already there has been some grumbling on the part of members of the New York delgation in congress over the loss of the services of the governor in the fight for the state this fall, but it is known in advance that in looking over the field for supreme court candidates the President was resolved absolutely to ignore political conditions of any sort.

Taft Is Elated.

President Taft, who seems much elated over Gov. Hughes' acceptance, said today:

"I am very much delighted to secure Gov. Hughes for the bench. He is a man of wide experience and marked ability and it is a mighty valuable thing to have on the great bench of the supreme court a man of affairs. Gov. Hughes is 48 years of age, I think, and even if he should retire at 70 he will have had 22 years of solid usefulness on the bench."

The first overtures regarding the appointment are said to have been conducted through Senator Root, of New York. It was not until Friday last that the president wrote a formal letter offering the place to the governor. That fact was carefuly guarded. Gov. Hughes deliberated over the matter for a final day, and Sunday wrote his acceptance. The letter reached the White House yesterday afternoon as the president was preparing to leave. He delayed his departure long enough to see that the nomination was sent to the senate.

Is Without Prejudice.

About the first question heard after the announcement of the selection was concerning the attitude of the new member of the court on the trust problems, as involved in the dissolution suits against the Standard Oil and the tobacco corporations. The general conclusions were that the record of the New York man showed he came to the court without prejudices, having fought corporations where he thought them guilty of wrong doing and protected their rights where he considered them persecuted.

Charles Evans Hughes was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., April 11, 1862. His father was David Charles Hughes and his mother was Mary Catherine Connolly. He was graduated from Brown university with the degree of A. B. in 1881. He received the degree of LL. D. from Columbia law school in 1884. He was married December 5, 1888, to Antoinette Carter. Three children were born to this unon, Charles, Jr., Helen and Catherine.

Mr. Hughes was admitted to the New York bar in 1884 and received a prize fellowship from Columbia law school in the same year. He practiced law in New York city until 1891, when he assumed the chair of professor of law in Cornell university. He became notable through the life insurance investigation. He was elected governor of New York in 1906 and re-elected in 1908.

WANTS GOOD FARM LABOR

New York State Seeks to Promote Immigration.

New York, April 22.—Plans for promoting the immigration into New York state of desirable farm laborers are to be taken up for consideration by the New York Produce Exchange at a conference Wednesday afternoon. It is hoped to effect a permanent organization for encouraging such immigration.

Among those who have promised to attend the conference are Secretaries Wilson and Nagel, President Brown, of the New York Central, and representatives of many state agricultural organizations.

The scarcity of intelligent farm labor, according to the Produce Exchange's committee, is one of the most serious causes of the diminishing supply of food stuffs in proportion to the increasing demand and the rise in prices.

BRYAN FOR POPULAR CHOICE

Commends Hoosiers' Efforts to Have Convention Name Senator.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 23.—It became known today that William J. Bryan has written a letter to Gov. Thomas R. Marshall, endorsing the efforts the governor and other Democratic leaders in Indiana are making to have the party's state convention next week endorse a candidate for the United States senate.

"The popular election of senators has been endorsed by the last three Democratic national conventions," writes Mr. Bryan, "and the nomination of a Republican candidate in Indiana makes it even more imperative that our party shall meet the issue solidly with a clean-cut platform and a strong candidate."

The opposition to the convention endorsing a candidate for the senate is being led by Thomas Taggart, former chairman of the Democratic national committee, who is a candidate.

Shall we Rejoice

Gladness comes with a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed and assisted by the pleasant laxative remedy Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

PLAN CHANGE IN FLEET

Navy Officials to Reorganize United States Fighting Force.

Washington, April 21.—Elaborate plans for the reorganization of the Atlantic fleet heve been completed by the navy department and will be partially in effect by June.

When the fleet goes out for its summer maneuvers it will be composed of 16 battleships, of which seven have been added to the navy since the celebrated cruise around the world.

The fleet will consist of the Delaware and the North Dakota, the first American Dreadnoughts; Michigan and South Carolina, "all big gun" ships; the six vessels of the Connecticut class, hitherto the most powerful vessels of the navy; four of the Georgia class, and the Idaho and Mississippi.

The seven vessels added since the globe-circling cruise are the Delaware, North Dakota, Michigan, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Idaho, Mississippi. Of these the first four named have not hitherto been with the fleet at all. The fleet will virtually be one-half new and more than half again as formidable as before.

Big Increase Next Year.

For several months nearly all the other battleships of the navy will be undergoing repairs, but by the summer of 1911 all will be ready for service, the new Florida and Utah will be in commission and the battleship fleet will be brought up to a strength of 21 ships with an additional division of four armored cruisers.

When that increase is made it is the intention to have the fleet at all times include 17 battleships, with four others available for service at 24 hours' notice. The first division will consist of five ships ordinarily and six in an emergency. The next three divisions of four ships each ordinarily, and five each in an emergency. The four largest armored cruisers of the navy will constitute a fifth division, making the total strength of the fleet 21 ships under ordinary conditions and 25 in an emergency.

This system has been adopted not only to provide a more powerful fleet, but to make it possible to detach four ships at a time, in rotation, to go to the home port for repairs, taking on supplies and giving shore leave, without reducing the fleet below what is considered the nominal tactical strength of a battleship fleet.

Hereafter the ships will be assigned home ports by divisions. The six ships of the first division will be assigned to New York, the second division to Norfolk, the third to Philadelphia, the fourth to Boston, and the fifth (armored cruisers) to Portsmouth.

Plan Reserve Fleet.

By the summer of 1911 not only will the main fleet be given this increased strength, but the beginning of a reserve fleet will have been made. It is planned that eight ships will constitute this reserve force. These will be the Kentucky, Kearsarge, Alabama, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Massachusetts. These ships will be stationed at Philadelphia with skeleton crews so that at short notice the fleet can be given the addition of another full squadron—two divisions of four ships each.

Part of the extensive plans now in view call for putting out of commission all the minor vessels of the navy, except the Asiatic squadron and a few gunboats for police duty in the West Indies and on the Pacific Coast. The Pacific fleet will consist of the armored cruisers with the exception of the four largest which will be attached to the battleship fleet. Torpedo flotillas will operate on both coasts and a large number will be held in reserve at Charleston.

Next November the battleship fleet, then consisting of 16 ships, will cruise to the Mediterranean and spend two or three months visiting European ports. By the fall of 1911, or the spring of 1912, it is considered more than possible that the fleet, then numbering 21 battleships and four cruisers, may make another cruise around the world. It would voyage by way of the Suez canal to Manila, across the Pacific to San Francisco and home by way of Cape Horn.

PRICES STAGGER DREXEL, SR.

Just Think, He Paid $1.75 for Two Eggs and Tea!

New York, April 21.— The Drexel family, including Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and daughter Margaret, J. Armstrong Drexel and Viscount Maidstone—the last named Margaret Drexel's fiance—sailed yesterday for London on the Lusitania, on which they arrived five days ago to attend the Gould-Drexel wedding, which took place yesterday. Anthony J. Drexel, who boarded the Lusitania at 2 o'clock this morning, "received" reclining on a sofa in his stateroom attired in pajamas and bathrobe.

"How did you like the wedding yesterday?" he was asked.

"Oh, it was ripping," he exclaimed, "and now we're going back to London to prepare for the next one on June 8, when my daughter weds Lord Maidstone. Really, I am getting a surfeit of weddings."

Mr. Drexel changed the subject to the high cost of living.

"Really, it's terrible to live in New York," he said. "Yesterday at the Waldorf-Astoria I had to pay $1.75 for my breakfast and all I had was a couple of eggs and a cup of tea."

TO NAME TWELVE CARDINALS

Papal Consistory Will Be Held in June.

Rome, April 26.—It was unexpectedly reported today that it was quite probable that a consistory would be held in the middle of June when some 12 cardinals would be created.

DIE IN BURNING MINE

Effort to Descend Shaft Proves None Can Be Living.

Birmingham, Ala., April 21.—Not one of the 41 men imprisoned last night in Mulga mine of the Birmingham Iron & Coal Co. is alive. This became certain this morning when, unconscious from the deadly gases of the shaft, Superintendent Johns, of the mine, and a man named Bonds, who risked his life for those already perished, were drawn up to fresh air. Long before the rescuers were revived their condition told the fate of the miners.

The watchers knew that if the rescurers, helmetted and protected, had so narrowly escaped death, there was no hope for the miners, who had been entombed by an explosion of gas.

When Johns and Bonds, after heroic treatment, finally regained consciousness, they confirmed the gravest anticipations of the people who for hours had waited at the mouth of the shaft to hear a word of their loved ones.

"Dead—all dead," was the stammering sentence of Superintendent Johns, as he began to recover from the effects of the poisonous gases.

When it was learned that it was impossible to gain entrance to the mine through the shaft because the cages were sprung in the passage, the entrance was sealed to prevent, if possible, the spread of fire.

Shortly after midnight the hospital car of the Tennessee company was rushed to the scene, equipped with helmets and all other necessary paraphernalia for entering a gaseous mine. Ambulances also were sent from Ensley and Birmingham to the scene, which is about 12 miles northwest of Birmingham.

The only list of names of the miners at work at the time of the explosion was held by the foreman of the gang at work, who is among the entombed men. It is believed, however, there are about 15 white men and 20 to 25 negroes.

The mine has been in operation about two years. The shaft is 350 feet deep, and the fact that flames shot from the mouth of the shaft to a height of 100 feet leads to the belief that the explosion occurred near the bottom of the main shaft.

When the first crew of rescuer reached the bottom of the shaft this morning the corpses of two miners were found. The rescuers upon returning to the surface expressed the opinion that all the imprisoned men were dead.

Around the entrance to the mine in the early morning hours, an addition to the families of the entombed men, hundreds from the surrounding mining districts swelled the crowds, until it was with great difficulty that the work of rescue could be carried on.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have your Kidneys and Bladder feel as well as they used to?

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), 32 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., will (gladly and without a penny of your money) direct you to the splendid remedy he successfully used in his own case.

REBELLION IS NIPPED

Rulers of Cuba Take Rigorous Measures.

Havana, April 26.—Further arrests are being made in various parts of the island of negroes suspected of being implicated in the conspiracy to organize a movement against the government, but no disturbance of the peace anywhere is reported. The turbulent negro element apparently is terrified by the prompt action of the government and the display of military force in the dispatch of regulars and rural guards to Santa Clara and Oriente provinces.

Prisoners from all sections are being brought under strong guard to Havana for trial by the special court and there is every reason to believe that the movement has been completely crushed. Senor Pasalodos, secretary to President Gomez, speaking for the president, said that the government had early information that a small number of the radical leaders and members of the Indepenlent party of color had planned simultaneously uprisings with the intent to institute war against the whites and overturn the government. In consequence of the propmt action of the authorities, all the leaders, he said, numbering about 60, had been arrested and these will be promptly tried according to law.

The government has reason to suspect, Senor Pasalodos continued, that the movement has the support of certain elements not openly affiliated with the negroes, and this matter is now the subject of close investigation. There is no doubt, the secretary declared, an armed uprising was intended, but to what extent those implicated in the movement were possessed of weapons is at present not known. An active search is being made for concealed arms.

Advices from the western end of Pinar Del Rio show that the blacks were on the verge of an uprising when the news of the arrests came, whereupon tranquility and confidence were restored. Rumors of wholesale discharges of negro members of the rural guard are denied, the loyalty of that force not being doubted. The excitement in Havana is rapidly subsiding.

SEES PEACE FOR ALL

Knox Believes His Plan Will Work.

Washington, D. C., April 21.—Ultimate disarmament of the nations of the world is practicable in the opinion of Secretary Knox.

He believes the establishment of a court of arbitral justice, to which nations of the world may appeal for the settlement of their controversies, will have the effect as its own natural consequence, of not merely reducing armament but ultimately of making large armaments unnecessary.

His plan for the establishment of an international court of arbitral justice, outlined in an identical note sent last year to various nations, is said to be meeting with general favor and Mr. Knox believes such a court will be constituted at The Hague in the near future.

The secretary yesterday said the existence of a permanent tribunal of arbitral justice would make a resort to it easy, as being in permanent session it would not have to be constituted anew for each case as it arises; that the expenses of the court would be borne by the nations jointly, not as heretofore by the parties in controversy, and that the judgments of such a court would bind all parties interested in the particular controversy.

The court would be composed of judges representing various nations or systems of law and it is expected would develop international law just as the common law of England and the United tSates has been developed by judicial decision.

The secretary said that while the court would be primarily intended for the powers participating in its constitution, it nevertheless would be open to any power that might wish to sumbit a controversy to it.

It is not proposed, in signing a convention for the establishment of such a court, that the nations shall obligate themselves to disarm or make any move toward disarmament. The successful operation of the court, however, would have for its consequence a reduction of armament if not complete disarmament.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, April 19.—Senate—The rivers and harbors bill, carrying appropriations of $52,500,000, was passed by the senate.

House—In the house the entire session was taken up by a discussion of the railroad bill. Toward the close of the session there was so little demand for time to discuss the measure that a plan previously made for a night session was abandoned.

Wednesday, April 20. — Senate — The administration railroad bill and the resolution authorizing the expenditure of $65,000 for an extension of the senate's inquiry into the cost of living, occupied the attention of the senate, but no action was taken on either measure. Senator Purcell spoke at length in opposition to the railroad bill, declaring that it was the purpose of the administration to so change the personnel of the supreme court of the United States so as to reverse former decisions on the rights of states to control questions involving railroad legislation.

House—A bill authorizing the president to make withdrawals of public lands for purposes of conservation was passed by the house. The entire session was devoted to the consideration of the measure, which, it was stated, met the approval of the president.

Thursday, April 21. — Senate. — The Lodge resolution to appropriate $65,000 for the expenses of the cost of living inquiry was under consideration in the senate, but no action was taken. The traffic agreement of the railroad bill was under consideration nearly all day.

House — Representative Fowler, of New Jersey, introduced a resolution in the house designed to take away from the speaker the power to name all committees. For a time everybody thought the recent insurrection against Cannonism was to be renewed and the excitement continued until Mr. Fowler announced that he did not intend to press the resolution until May 2. It was sent to the new committee on rules. A resolution was passed which calls on the attorney general for information regarding the trial of Antonio I. Villareal, R. Fiores Magon and Liberado Rivers, now in prison at Florence, Ariz., having been convicted of violating the neutrality laws between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Russell, of Texas, made a speech in favor of the railroad bill. The house held a night session on the railroad bill.

Friday, April 22.—Senate—The traffic agreement provision of the railroad bill was under consideration in the senate. Senator Crawford took occasion to eulogize former President Roosevelt as the foremost figure in the United States.

House—In the house the railroad bill was under consideration. Upon the conclusion of the general debate upon the measure Mr. Mann of Illinois announced that next Tuesday the reading of the bill for amendments under the five-minute rules would begin.

Saturday, April 23.—Senate—Mr. Borah spoke in opposition to the Elkins-Crawford traffic agreement provision of the railroad bill. Senators Hughes and Newlands opposed the Lodge resolution for an increased appropriation to continue the work of inquiring into the high prices of living.

House—A large number of bills carrying pensions and private claims were passed by the house. The house met Sunday to hear eulogies on the late Senator Johnson, of North Dakota.

FOOD PRICES GO DOWN

Agricultural Paper Looks for Marked Decline During Coming Season.

New York, April 20.—The present sensational drop in the price of potatoes may mean cheaper food of all kinds. Farmers are closing out their supply of old potatoes for as little as 20 cents a bushel, which is the lowest price in many years. Other foods also are cheaper. As a result of its investigations the American Agriculturist for April 23 will say:

"A marked decline has occurred in the prices of certain food products. If this decline continues much longer the committees that are investigating high prices will find themselves out of a job.

"Compared to the high point in wheat last year, the present market at Chicago shows a decline of 17 cents a bushel. The decline in corn from the high point of last year is 19 cents and oats 20 cents. In other words, the present wholesale price of oats is 32 per cent below the highest prices of last year. Corn is off 24 per cent and wheat 14 per cent.

Potatoes 25 Cents a Bushel.

"These declines in grain are reflected in mill feeds. Wheat bran is now selling in the west at $5 or $6 a ton less than previous highest quotations, a decline of 21 per cent, while middlings have declined at New York points about $3 a ton, or 12 per cent.

"Even cottonseed meal is off $3 to $4, or 8 to 10 per cent. Cotton itself is a fraction of a cent a pound less than in January, showing a decline of about 5 per cent.

"Potatoes have not been so low in years, wholesale prices at present being 40 to 50 per cent lower than in November last. Vast numbers of farmers held on to their potatoes until the late winter or spring market, and are now glad to get rid of their stock at 25 cents a bushel, whereas a year ago they were wholesaling at Chicago at $1 a bushel at this time.

Beef Cattle Lower.

"Butter has declined 6 per cent; eggs have gone off, as usual in the spring. Even beef cattle have no more than held their high quotations of March, and hogs are a trifle off, although still very high, and prices of sheep and lambs well maintained. There has been a break in the price of hay at country points in the west. Beans are also cheaper.

"Altogether indications multiply that a reaction in food prices has taken place," the American Agriculturist says. "With good crops in 1910 we may expect the price of food to consumers to be considerably lower than during the past 12 or 18 months, although we do not look for a return to the phenomenally low prices of 10 and 20 years ago.

"Cold weather this week may do considerable damage to fruit, but there is ample time for spring grains to be seeded wherever the sprouting crop has been badly frosted."

HE DOESN'T LIKE PRISON

Walsh, Says Warden, Would Be Glad to Get Out.

Leavenworth, Kan., April 26.—John R. Walsh, the banker, would accept a pardon from the President if tendered him, but the aged financier has in no way had anything to do with the circulation of a petition for his release. This statement was made last night by Warden McClaughry, of the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, where Mr. Walsh is confined.

"I know Mr. Walsh has had nothing to do with the petition presented to the President," said the warden. "Several weeks ago I was in Indiana and learned from one of the signers of the petition that it was started in Bedford. The signers are mostly men who knew Mr. Walsh in a business way. It was purely spontaneous. Upon my return I told Mr. Walsh about it. He said he had never authorized anyone to circulate it."

"The old man is bent and worn," added Warden McClaughry, "and since coming here has grown nervous and much older in looks. I know he would gladly accept a pardon."

FAIL TO GAIN DEMANDS

Pressed Steel Car Men Go Back to Work.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 26.—One thousand foreigners, all that remained from the 5,000 who struck for increased wages and shorter hours at the plant of the Pressed Steel Car Co., in Shoenville, returned to work today and ended the strike which has crippled the plant's operation for the past ten days. The men did not gain their demands.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., April 26.—With leading longs at Chicago selling and cables lower the wheat market displayed weakness and a nervous feeling on the call and during most of the forenoon. Opening ¼c down at $1.19¼ cash and May in the local market dropped to $1.09 at 10 a. m. July started ½c lower at $1.04⅛ and September ½c down at $1.03¼. Most of the buying was on resting orders. On the whole weather conditions were rather uncertain, but as far as damage from frost is concerned little has been reported.

Prices continued to work downward most of the afternoon and were it not for support from the Bartlett-Patten interests the break would have been much larger. Weather conditions in Toledo territory are ideal for growing wheat. Cash and May closed 1¼c off at $1.08¾, July 1⅝c lower at $1.02⅞ and September 1⅞c down at $1.01⅞.

Corn opened weak in sympathy with wheat, though rather good buying helped check the decline. Local receipts were liberal, 15 of the 32 cars being No. 3 yellow. May opened ¼c up at 60¼c, July ¼c lower at 63¾c and September at 65c. The tendency was toward lower levels early in the session.

Corn finals: Cash and May, 59½c; July, 63½c; September, 64½c.

May oats started ½c off at 44½c, July ¼c down at 43c and September ¼c off at 39½c. There were further losses later in the morning.

Cash oats closed at 44c, May at 44⅝c, July 42⅞c, Sepetmber at 39⅝c.

Receipts in clover seed were 90 bags which compare with 410 a year ago. The outflow was 126 bags against 100 a year ago. There was an advance of 7½c in the futures, but otherwise prices were unchanged from yesterday's close, cash and April opening at $6.60 and October and December at $6.65.

No changes developed at the close in seed save for an advance of 2½c in the futures.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
Cash	...1.09¾	....	....	1.08¾	1.10
May	...1.09¾	....	....	1.08¾	1.10
July	...1.04½	....	....	1.02⅞	1.04⅝
Sept	...1.03¼	....	....	1.01⅞	1.03⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	59½	59⅝
May	60¼	....	....	59½	60
July	63¾	....	....	63½	64
Sept	65	....	....	64½	64¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	44	44¼
May	44½	....	....	44⅝	45
July	43	....	42½	42⅞	43¼
Sept	39½	....	....	39⅝	39¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	...6.60	....	....	6.60	6.60
April	...6.60	....	....	6.60	6.60
Oct	...6.65	....	....	6.67½	6.57½
Dec	...6.65	....	....	6.67½	6.57½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.15	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.10	7.10

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
May	...1.09⅞	....	1.08¼	1.08⅝	1.10
July	...1.03⅞	1.03½	1.01⅞	1.01⅞	1.03⅝
Sept	...1.01½	1.01⅝	....	99⅞	1.01⅞
Corn—					
May	59⅞	....	....	59¼	60
July	62⅞	63	....	62⅛	63
Sept	63⅞	64	....	63	64¼
Dec	58⅞	....	....	58	58⅝
Oats—					
May	42⅝	....	....	42⅛	42⅞
July	41	41¼	....	40⅛	41⅛
Sept	38⅞	....	....	38⅝	39½
Dec	39⅞	....	....	39⅛	40

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
May	...1.17¼	....	....	....	1.17
July	...1.11⅜	....	....	....	1.11⅝

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
May	...1.07⅝	....	....	1.06⅝	1.08¼
July	...1.02¼	....	....	1.00⅞	1.02¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.06⅝	1.08⅝
July	....	....	....	1.07⅛	1.09½

DULUTH.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.07	1.09⅝
July	....	....	....	1.07¾	1.09½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.26.	Close Apr.25.
Pork—					
May	...21.60	21.65	....	21.15	21.90
July	...21.95	....	....	21.80	21.90
Sept	...21.95	21.97	....	21.27	21.90
Lard—					
May	...12.30	12.32	....	12.12	12.30
July	...12.20	12.22	....	11.97	12.22
Sept	...12.20	....	....	11.95	12.15
Ribs—					
May	...12.10	12.12	11.90	11.97	12.17
July	...12.00	....	11.72	11.75	12.00
Sept	...12.05	....	11.72	11.75	12.00

Money and Stocks.

New York, April 26. — Wall street — The opening stock market today reflected some disorder in the mixture of buoyant rises at some points, with small fractional advances and declines in others. The rush of shorts to cover in stocks which were most freely sold yesterday caused them to advance convultively. Union Pacific, Reading and Consolidated Gas rose 1½, Wabash preferred, Amalgamated Copper, United States Steel and Brooklyn Transit, 1⅜, and Atchison, Northern Pacific and American Smelting 1.

The advance received a check when traders who considered the rise too rapid sold stocks, but the reactions were not wide, and the market afterwards reached a higher level all around. The metal stocks, Union Pacific and Reading were foremost in the advance. United States Steel, American Smelting and Reading extended their gains to 2 points. The trading became quiet at the higher prices.

Uncovered shorts were eager buyers of stocks, and found no such volume offering as yesterday's weak market led them to expect. The decline in the price of cotton relieved anxiety over disaster to the new crop by the cold wave. The Bank of England reduced its price for American eagles, and an early end of gold exports was expected. The activity of the dealings lessened at higher prices, but gains were maintained. Union Pacific touched 183 and United States Steel advanced to the 83⅞ mark, on reports that the dividend rate would be raised at the afternoon meeting. Bonds were easy.

New York Stocks.

New York, April 26, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	50¼	50¼	50	50
Atchison	110⅞	111½	110¾	111⅜
Am. Car & F. Co.	60¾	61⅞	60⅞	61⅞
Anaconda	44¼	44¼	44	44
Amal. Copper	73⅞	73⅞	72¾	73½
Am. Smelters	80⅝	81¾	80¼	81⅝
Am. Woolen Co	36	36	36	36
Am. Tel. & Tel.	135¾	135⅞	135⅝	135½
Am. Tobacco pfd	96	96	96	96
Am. Cotton Oil	65	65	64	64½
Am. Beet Sugar	37⅞	37⅞	37⅞	37⅞
Balt. & Ohio	109	109⅞	109	109⅞
B'lyn R. Trans	78⅜	78⅞	78	78⅜
Cast I. Pipe com	21	21	21	21
Cast I. Pipe pfd	72¼	72¼	72¼	72¼
Beth. Steel com	30	30	30	30
Chicago & G. W.	28	28	28	28
Canadian Pac	181¾	181⅞	181¾	181⅞
Clover Leaf pfd	65	65	65	65
Colorado Fuel	38⅜	38⅞	38⅛	38⅝
Ches. & Ohio	84⅜	85⅛	84⅞	85⅞
Central Leather	42½	43¼	42½	43¼
Consolidated Gas	139	139	138¼	139
Can pfd	72½	73⅞	72½	73⅞
Corn Product com	16	16	15⅞	15⅞
Distillers Sec	30	30¼	30	30⅛
Erie 1st pfd	45	46	45	46
Gt. Northern pfd	135	135⅝	134¾	135⅝
General Electric	149¼	149¼	148¾	148⅞
Interborough com	22¼	22⅛	21⅞	22
Interborough pfd	57⅛	57½	56½	57
Louis. & Nash	147⅞	149	147⅞	149
Missouri Pacific	68⅞	69	68⅞	69
M., K. & T. com	41½	41⅝	41¼	41½
North. Pacific	132	133	132	133
National Lead	80¼	80⅞	79⅞	80¼
N. Y. Air Brake	75½	76	75½	76
Northwestern	150½	151	150⅛	151
N. Y. Central	120⅞	121¼	120⅝	121¼
N. & W. com	102½	103⅝	102½	103⅝
N. & W. Con. 4's	103	103½	103	103½
Ont. & Western	44⅞	44⅜	44⅜	44⅜
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	40	40	40	40
Penn. Ry.	134⅜	134⅝	134¼	134⅝
Pacific Mail	27½	27½	27½	27½
People's Gas Co.	109	109	109	109
Reading com.	161⅛	162¼	161	162¼
Rock Island	45	45½	44⅞	45½
Rep. I. & S. Co.	33⅝	34¼	33⅝	34¼
Rep. pfd.	99	99	99	99
South. Ry.	26	26	25¾	26
South. Ry. pfd.	62⅝	62¾	62¾	62¼
St. Paul	140⅜	140¾	140⅛	140⅛
South. Pacific	123¾	124⅛	123	123⅝
South. Pac. Con. 4's	100⅞	100⅞	100⅝	100⅞
Sloss Shef. com.	73½	73½	73½	73½
Texas Pacific	31¼	31½	31¼	31½
Union Pacific	182½	183¾	181⅞	182⅞
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	106⅛	107	106⅛	107
U. S. Steel	82⅞	84	82½	83⅜
U. S. Steel pfd	120	120⅜	119⅞	120⅜
U. S. Steel 's	104¼	104⅜	104	104¼
U. S. Rubber com	42	42	42	42
Utah Copper	44⅞	45⅛	44⅝	45⅛
Virginia Chem.	58	59⅛	58	59
Western Md.	46	46½	46	46½
Wabash com.	20⅜	20⅜	20⅜	20⅜
Wabash pfd.	45½	45⅞	45½	45⅞
Western Union	70	70	70	70
Westinghouse	62½	62½	62¼	62½

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, April 26.—Hog receipts were moderate and prices were unchanged. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were featureless.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.60@9.65; good mediums, $9.60@9.65; heavy yorkers, $9.60@9.65; light yorkers, $9.50@9.60; good mixed, $9.50@9.60; good pigs, $9.50@9.60; bulk of sales, $9.60; stags and roughs, $7.50@8.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.50@7.75; good to choice, $7.25@7.50; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $7.00@7.25; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $7.00@7.50; common and light steers, $5.75@6.50; choice fat cows, $5.25@5.75; fair to good cows, $4.00@5.25; common cows, $3.50@4.00; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $5.50@6.00; good butcher bulls, $5.25@5.50; fair to good bologna, $4.75@5.00; common, $4.00@4.50; choice fat heifers, $5.75@6.25; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $25@65.

Sheep and Lambs—(Quotations on clipped stock)—Prime wethers, $6.00@7.00; good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, 6.00; culls and common, $3.00@4.00; lambs, clipped, $8.50; yearlings, $6.00@7.00; spring lambs, $10.00@12.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.50; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $7.00@7.50 down; heavy and pail fed, $4.50@6.00.

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East Buffalo Live Stock.

(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead).

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 26.—Cattle, 4 cars, slow. Hogs, 10 cars, slow; heavy and yorkers, $9.75@9.80; pigs, $9.70@9.75. Sheep, 10 cars, slow; clipped, $9.00@9.15; yearlings, $8.00@8.25; wethers, $7.50@7.75; ewes, [illegible]@7.00. Calves, $5.00@9.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 26.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 3,000; market slow, steady; beeves, $5.75@5.85; Texas steers, $4.75@6.25; western steers, $5.00@6.80; stockers and feeders, $3.80@6.75; cows and heifers, $7.80@8.40; calves, $6.75@8.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 8,000, market 5c higher; light, $9.30@9.65; mixed, $9.30@9.67½; heavy, $9.30@9.70; rough, $9.30@9.45; good to choice heavy, $9.45@9.70; pigs, $9.00@9.55; bulk of sales, $9.50@9.65. Sheep, receipts estimated at 8,000, market steady; native, $4.50@8.75; western, $5.00@8.25; yearlings, $7.25@8.50; lambs, native, $7.50@9.70; western, $8.00@9.70.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 26.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs, receipts 20 cars; higher; mediums and yorkers, $9.70; pigs, $9.50. Lambs, $8.75. Calves, $8.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, April 26.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal)—Cattle steady. Hog receipts light, market slow to 5 cents lower. Weighty classes, $9.70@9.75; lights, $9.60@9.70; pigs, $9.50@9.60. Sheep, receipts 1,000, slow, $7.50 down; top lambs, $9.00. Calves, receipts 1,200, active; top, $8.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 30c; solid pack, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, 25@26c.

Butterine—Tubs, 16@18½c; 1 lb. rolls, 19½c; 2 lb. rolls, 16½@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 21c; candled, 22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 17c; New York state, 18c; brick, 18c; limburger, 19c.

Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.75; home grown yellow globe, 50 lbs., 85c; boiling, 50c; Texas, $2.00.

Celery—Florida, crate, $2.00.

Lettuce—11c; hamper, $1.50.

Asparagus—Home grown, 18@20c.

Spinach—Baltimore, hamper, 85c.

Mangoes—$2.50.

Green Beans—$2.75; wax beans, $3.00.

Pie Plant—Dozen, 15@30c.

Tomatoes—Florida, 6 basket crate, $2.00@2.50.

Potatoes—30@35c; Early Rose seed, 50c; Ohio seed, 60c; new Bermudas and Florida Triumphs, bbl., $7.50.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, 1¼ bu. hamper, $1.00.

Cabbage—Home grown, 4c; ton, $80; Alabama crate, $3.75.

Cucumbers—Hot house, 75c@$1.15.

Beets—50c.

Parsnips—Bu., 50c.

Carrots—45c.

Turnips—40c.

Radishes—20@25c dozen; parsley, 50c dozen bunches.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.50@2.00.

Pineapples—24 and 30 sizes, $4.25.

Apples—Baldwin, $3.75@5.00; Kings, $6.00; Ben Davis, $4.00@5.00; Russets, $5.00; Pacific northwest, box, $1.75@3.00.

Lemons—$4.00.

Oranges—Navels, prime high colored, $2.50@3.25.

Grape Fruit—Case, $4.75.

Strawberries—Bu. crate, $5.25.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.25.

Honey—Strained, 2 dozen cases, $1.75; fancy new comb, lb., 17c; amber, 16c.

Peanut butter—16@23c.

Horseradish—Bbl., $5.00.

Cider—Gallon, 14c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 3c.

Onion Sets—Yellow, bu., $1.25; white, $1.50@1.75.

Hickory Nuts, large, $1.50@1.75 bu.; small, $1.75@2.25; almonds, 16c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filberts, 12½c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil nuts, 10c.

Mushrooms—4-lb. basket, $1.75.

Cabbage Plants—Box, 60c; tomato plants, 60c.

Poultry—Alive, chickens, 17@18c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 11@12c; heavy and rough, 9@10c; calves, prime, 9½@11c; fair, 8@9½c.

Lambs—14@16c.

Cow beef—4½@8c.

Steers—10@12c.

Heifers—7@10c.

New York Produce.

New York, April 26.—Butter slightly firmed; receipts, 7,372 packages. Creamery specials, 29½c. Cheese, steady; receipts, 3,3[illegible] boxes; state skims, specials, 11c; fine, 9@9½c; fair to good, 6½@8c; common, 4½@5¼c; full skims, 3@3½c. Eggs, weak; receipts, 35,879 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, 23@25c; gathered white, 23@24c; hennery brown and mixed fancy, 23c; gathered brown, fair to prime, 21½@22½c; western storage selections, 21¾@22½c; western regular packed, extra firsts, 21½@22c; western regular packed, firsts, 2[illegible]@21¼c; southern regular packed, firsts, 2[illegible]@20½c. Flour quiet and unchanged; receipts 27,860 barrels. Wheat—Except for steadiness in May at the start, wheat showed a weak undertone, under low Liverpool cables, bearish foreign crop accounts, disbelief in crop damages west and scattered liquidation. May, $1.16⅝@1.17¼; July, $1.10⅞@1.11¼; September, $1.08⅜. Receipts, 116,400 bushels. Corn receipts, 23,625 bushels. Beef steady. Pork steady; family, $26.00@26.50. Lard steady; middle west, $12.80@12.90. Raw sugar firm; Muscovado, 89 test, $3.80; centrifugal, 96 test, $4.30; molasses sugar, 89 test, $3.55; refined quiet; crushed, $5.85; granulated, $5.15; powdered, $5.25. Petroleum steady; refined, barrels, $7.75. Coffee, spot quiet; No. 7 Rio, 8¼c; No. 4 Santos, 9¼c. Molasses quiet, New Orleans open kettle, 32@42c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, April 26. — Butter — Creamery, extra, 34@34½c; prints, 35@35½c; firsts, 31@32c; seconds, 29@30c; dairy—fancy, 23@24c; process extras, 27½@28c; process firsts, 26½@27c; prints 1c extra; packing, 21@21½c. Cheese—Full cream, fancy York state, new, 18@18½c; choice, 17¾@17½c; Ohio full cream, new, 17@17½c; Swiss, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 16@18c; brick, 18@19c; limburger, 17@18c. Eggs—Current receipts, 21c. Poultry—Chickens, alive, 19@19½c; broilers, 30@35c; dressed, 1@2c more.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, April 26.—Butter steady; creameries, 25@29c; dairies, 22@26c. Eggs easy; receipts, 36,963 cases; at mark, cases included, 17½@19½c; firsts, 19c; prime firsts, 20½c. Cheese, steady; daisies, 14¾@15c; twins, 13¾@14c; young Americas, 14@14½c; long horns, 14¼@14½c. Potatoes firm; choice to fancy, 22@25c; fair to good, 18@20c. Poultry firm; turkeys, 15c; chickens, 18½c; springs, 18½c. Veal firm; 50 to 60-pound weights, 8@9½c; 60 to 85-pound weights, 9½@10c; 85 to 110-lb. weights, 10½@11½c.

Cotton.

New York, April 26.—The cotton market opened steady, but showed a somewhat reactionary tendency following the sharp advance of yesterday. First prices were unchanged to 8 points lower in response to disappointing cables, and during the first few minutes active months sold off to a net decline of 7@11 points under heavy realizing. There was, however, a continued good demand for new crop deliveries on further reports of scarce for replanting, the New Orleans bulls gave the new crop some support, and the market showed a steady undertone, with prices rallying slightly after the first rush of profit taking.

Weather reports were considered much more favorable, and while there were many complaints received, based upon conditions over the week-end, offerings of the new crop months continued heavy during the late forenoon, and these positions sold off to a net loss of about 15@17 points. May was relatively firm in spite of every indication that preparations are being made for very large deliveries, and held within 2 or 3 points of last night's close, while July sold off to a net loss of 11 points in some sympathy with the reaction in the new crop.

Spot quiet, middling uplands, $15.25; middling gulf, $15.50. Estimated receipts at the ports today, 15,000 bales, against 14,[illegible] last week and 36,731 last year. The week, 90,000 bales, against 86,510 last week and 142,258 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 3,864 bales, against 10,698 last year, and at Houston 2,445 bales, against 4,288 last year.

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